A

SATIRICAL REVIEW

OF THE

Manifold Falſhoods and Abſurdities

Hitherto publiſh'd concerning the

EARTHQUAKE.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXT,

An Authentic Account of the late *Cataſtrophe* at *LISBON*,

And the PRESENT STATE of that auguſt Capital.

The Whole interſperſed

With REFLECTIONS of Importance to the Moral and Political INTERESTS of *Great Britain*:

And a Set of new Characters drawn from the Life.

By a MAN of BUSINESS.

How vain a Creature were the plotting Knave
But for the credulous Fool! TATE.

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A

REVIEW, &c.

EVERY *Britiſh* boſom, I imagine, muſt neceſſarily feel a ſecret ſenſible ſatisfaction in reflecting on the general concern, with which this whole nation (ever ſince we received the dreadful news of the fatal event at *Liſbon*, on the *firſt* of *November* laſt paſt) ſo truly ſympathiſed and ſtill cordially ſhares in the public calamity and private ſorrows, as well of our faithful Allies and valuable Friends, the *Portugueſe*, as of our beloved fellow ſubjects, reſiding among them. For beſides the innate pleaſure, inſeparable from conſcious humanity and benevolence, it muſt reflect everlaſting honour on the *Britiſh* name, to obſerve, that the People of *England* are not more impatient of injuries done to themſelves, than ſuſceptible of compaſſion for their ſuffering neighbours. In fact this melancholy occaſion has plainly ſhewn the world, that we are not more prone to be harden'd into obſtinate reſentment, by repeated wrongs from an inſolent enemy, than eaſy to diſſolve with tender fellow-feeling, when acquainted with the diſtreſſes of a deſerving friend:

and both from the ſame noble ſource of genuine magnanimity.

It will therefore be no difficult matter to conceive how great and general the indignation of the public muſt be, at the malicious induſtry, with which a few daſtardly mongrel inſects, moſtly *Jews*, *Refugees*, and other foreign Emiſſaries, by the help of that mercenary tribe of ſcribling incendiaries, the Pamphleteers, common Print-ſellers, and Journaliſts, have been labouring inceſſantly for ſome months paſt, not only to keep awake and augment our ſympathetic anguiſh of mind, but (what is ſtill more baſe) to rob us of the credit and merit of that generoſity which inſpires it.

The *former* they have moſt aſſiduouſly done by ſtuffing the Papers with innumerable abſurdities and falſhood, in order, by their paltry miſrepreſentations of it, to ſwell the diſaſter, already too terrible, to a ſtill more horrible cataſtrophe without remedy: and the *latter* they have attempted to effect by ſhamefully perverting the *liberty* of the *Britiſh* preſs to the *cannibal libertiniſm* of wantoning with the calamities of an afflicted People in ſtrict amity with us, and inſulting the juſt griefs of a powerful, reſpectable Monarch, in the cloſeſt alliance and friendſhip with the Crown and Parliament of *Great-Britain*, — a Monarch, who truly deſerves and really poſſeſſes our affections and eſteem,—a Monarch, in a word, as great amidſt his diſtreſs, as he is worthy in himſelf of univerſal love, reſpect and admiration for his manifold princely virtues.

For the truth of this charge, I appeal to the angry Public, who with honeſt rage have cried-out ſhame againſt the many dirty paragraphs, with which the daily Papers have ſo often gall'd and inſulted our own friendly griefs, and the afflicted friends we are grieving for: And who have looked with equal indignation on the infamous pamphlets (or rather libels)

libels) and the more infamous prints, by means of which a few ſtarveling ſavages have endeavour'd to baffle merited hunger at the expence of two weeping nations, and in defiance of the deſerved contempt of all the honeſt and ſenſible part of mankind.

However 'tis what we cannot wonder at. Such creatures but act like what they are, the dregs and out-caſt of human nature; ſome degrees below the more generous part of brutes. Their behaviour is but a hideous refinement on the brutality common among animals of the like level, whether *bipedes* or *quadrupedes*.

Does a houſe or a neighbourhood unhappily take fire? — Though every human breaſt ſhall yearn for the ſufferers; though all, who have a heart to feel, and limbs to exert in their aſſiſtance, ſhall flee to their relief; ſtill there is ſeldom, if ever, wanting a ſet of two-legged bowelleſs monſters, ready to mingle in the croud, and as eager to augment the diſtreſs, by inſults, rapine and outrage, as the moſt humane can be to leſſen it by their friendly offices.

In like manner the very ſame melancholy accidents, which ſhall thus excite the generous buſtles of pitying humanity on one hand, and the rapacious officiouſneſs of human-ſhaped tygers on the other, are ſure to rouze at the ſame time, from every neighbouring kennel and dunghill, a deteſtable pack of ſenſeleſs yelping curs; who, incapable of good, proclaim their readineſs for miſchief in the confuſion they create with their reſtleſs, noiſy, uncouth throats for-ever on the ſtretch to bark and ſnarl and ſtun, without the ſenſe to know, at whom, at what, or why they make a rout.

Theſe are nuſances we are almoſt daily peſter'd with; and ſuch, to a tittle, That which we have experienced on occaſion of the calamity of our ſuffering friends the *Portugueſe*.

On the 24th of *November*, when firſt the fatal news was publiſh'd here, ſuch was the generous conſternation

ſternation and diſmay ſpread through this city, that, though the effects be eaſy to recollect, as they are ſtill freſh and reeking in every *Engliſh* mind, they cannot be deſcribed. By the next day, when the ſad account became univerſal, a profound melancholy took poſſeſſion of every breaſt: ſorrow ſate ſolemnly enthroned on every brow; and every boſom throb'd with generous pity. Private concerns forbore to influence; public affairs were no more heeded. *Liſbon* alone engaged the thoughts, engroſs'd the attention, and kept in full employ the ſollicitude of all. In private houſes, in public aſſemblies, in the common ſtreets, nature was ſeen to wear one ſettled face of ſadneſs. From the Prince to the Porter, from the gay lady's toilet to the poor woman's barrow, one general dejection every where prevail'd. Nothing was to be ſeen, but downcaſt looks and a forlorn deportment: Nothing to be heard, but ſighs and bewailings of *poor diſtreſs'd Lisbon!* Nothing in ſhort, but invocations to Heaven for pity on *poor afflicted Portugal!*

And ſo far was our condolence from being ſelfiſh, that in the firſt tranſports of grief and pity, the little community of our countrymen of the *Lisbon-Factory*, though ſharers in the misfortune with the natives of *Portugal*, had no diſtinct ſhare in our anxieties; but were confuſely blended in the general concern we felt for one great totality in tribulation: Every one pineing alike for the miſeries of all. And ſuch was the general anguiſh of heart, which betray'd itſelf in the ſettled gloom of every countenance here, as if every one had loſt a valuable parent, an only child, a darling conſort, or an every endearing name in one —a ſteady, faithful, beloved friend: Or rather as if the whole calamity had been our own.

As ſoon as haſty rumour had convey'd the tidings round, the ſame diſtreſs of mind, like a ſwift contagion, ſpread itſelf throughout the kingdom, and made

made the mourning as general as it was genuine. And what ſtill added to it was our ſuſpenſion of mind with regard to particulars of the cataſtrophe; which, by leaving us at a loſs, what to hope, and what to fear, gave a greater looſe to our troubled imaginations to teize us yet more with the worſt of apprehenſions.

At length on the 27th an Expreſs from the *Britiſh* Miniſter at *Madrid* to our Secretary of State brought us a confirmation of the fatal miſchief, and fully convinced us, that, though we had been too ingenious at tormenting ourſelves, by ſuffering our fancies to ſwell the cataſtrophe beyond its real bounds, yet the evil was ſtill too great not to merit all our concern, and the utmoſt compaſſion imaginable: Which accordingly it really did, and ſtill does, meet with from perſons of all ranks and ſexes.

For in the firſt place our ſovereign Lord, the King, to his immortal praiſe be it ſpoken, was ſo intimately touch'd with the calamity, that more than once, when talking on the ſubject, his royal eyes have been obſerved to check the manly riſing tear of generous greatneſs, which majeſty forbade to fall. And ſuch was the lively ſenſe he had of *Portugal*'s affliction, that, impatient to exert his princely compaſſion towards it, in a manner becoming a great and bounteous Monarch, he ſent, the very next morning, the following gracious benevolent meſſage to the Houſe of Commons then actually ſitting:

GEORGE R.

His Majeſty having received from his Ambaſſador at Madrid, *a certain account of the fatal and deplorable event, which happened at* Liſbon *on the firſt inſtant, by an Earthquake, which has laid waſte almoſt the whole city, and deſtroyed many thouſands of the inhabitants, in conſequence whereof thoſe who remain muſt be reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs and neceſ-*

ſity;

ſity ; and his Majeſty being moved with the greateſt concern for ſo good and faithful an ally as the King of Portugal, *and with the utmoſt compaſſion for the diſtreſſes to which that city and kingdom muſt be reduced, wherein great numbers of his Majeſty's own Subjects were reſident, and many more intereſted, recommends to his faithful Commons the conſideration of this dreadful and extenſive calamity, which cannot fail to affect the hearts of all perſons, who have any ſenſe of religion or humanity ; and deſires to be enabled by the Houſe of Commons to ſend ſuch ſpeedy and effectual relief, as may be ſuitable to ſo afflicting and preſſing an exigence.* G. R:

The royal meſſage was accordingly deliver'd to the Houſe the ſame morning, and had all the deſirable effect of awakening the nobleſt ſentiments of humanity in that awful congreſs. And Mr. *Keene*'s account being read, the diſtreſſes of *Liſbon* made ſo efficacious an impreſſion of horror, grief, and manly pity, on the minds and hearts of every member preſent; that the honourable Houſe, inſtead of appearing what it really is, an auguſt aſſembly of Senators, met to decide the fate of *Europe*, look'd rather like a company of truly diſconſolate mourners, gather'd together to attend the funeral of a dear-loved friend.

How true their concern for *Portugal*, and how great the ſhare they bore in its public woes, cannot be more pathetically expreſt, nor more authentically proved, than by ſetting down *verbatim* the ever laudable reſolution, which, in conſequence of the royal meſſage, they came to, without the leaſt heſitation, or oppoſition. The reſolution is as follows:

Reſolved, nemine contradicente,

That an humble Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, to expreſs our deep concern on the melancholy occaſion of

of his Majeſty's moſt gracious Meſſage to this Houſe; and to aſſure his Majeſty, that we will enable him to give ſuch aſſiſtance to the diſtreſſed people of Portugal, *and our unhappy fellow-ſubjects reſiding and trading there, as his Majeſty, in his great humanity and generous compaſſion, ſhall thiuk fit; and that we will make good, out of the next aids, that ſhall be granted by Parliament, ſuch expences, as ſhall be incurred by his Majeſty in relieving the miſery to which they may be reduced by this moſt deplorable calamity.*

Purſuant to which, on the 8th of *December* following, they voted to his Majeſty £.100,000 towards enabling his Majeſty to ſend the immediate ſuccours he ſhould find neceſſary for the preſent relief of the unhappy ſufferers, in theſe remarkable words:

Reſolved,

That the ſum of one hundred thouſand pounds be granted to his Majeſty, upon account, for or towards enabling his Majeſty to defray the expences which have been, or may be, incurred by his Majeſty, in giving aſſiſtance to the diſtreſſed people of Portugal, *and our unhappy fellow-ſubjects reſiding and trading there.*

Herein I obſerve two material things, which, though obvious in themſelves, may very poſſibly have eſcaped the notice of the haſty and ſuperficial part of readers.

The *firſt* is, that the ſuccours granted by the parliament are not principally intended for the relief of the *Britiſh* ſufferers in *Portugal*; but firſt and chiefly for the diſtreſs'd natives, and only concomitantly for the neceſſitous part of our countrymen.

Secondly, The parliament, in voting to his majeſty the above ſum of 100,000 *l.* does not limit the ſuccours his majeſty ſhall ſend, to that ſum, and no more. For by the very words of the reſolution, their

ntention appears to have been, to grant the 100,000 *l.* only *pro interim, for and towards* enabling his majeſty to ſend ſuch preſent relief as he ſhould think immediately neceſſary. Which, according to the very import of the words, *for and towards*, is granting him an actual ſum in part, with an open clauſe of credit and full power (ſuitable to their promiſe in their former reſolution) *to enable him to give them* whatever farther *aſſiſtance his majeſty in his great humanity and generous compaſſion ſhould think fit*, in caſe the preſent ſupply be found inſufficient for all the humane purpoſes deſign'd, towards relieving the diſtreſs'd ſubjects of *Portugal*.

But to return, no ſooner did the parliament (animated by his majeſty's auguſt example of benevolence) come to this generous reſolution, than it was put in execution, as far as human induſtry could reach: Expreſſes being immediately ſent to all the proper ports of the kingdom with ſtrict orders for diſpatching to *Liſbon*, with the utmoſt expedition, a number of veſſels laden with proviſions of all ſorts, and all ſuch materials as were ſuitable to the exigence. Orders were ſent alſo to *Ireland*; and the embargo, which had there been wiſely laid upon all proviſions, for the ſake of reſtraining ſuch traitors to their country, as avarice might otherwiſe tempt to ſupply our common enemy, was taken-off with regard to *Portugal*.

So that, if the intended ſuccours did not reach *Liſbon* with the deſired expedition, it was from no fault in the public, or in any private perſon concern'd in the management of the affair. No: it was the ſole work of Heaven, whoſe all-diſpoſing wiſdom, perhaps for a farther trial of our religious confidence and conformity, as well as of the *Portugueſe*, or for other ſuperior reaſons impenetrable to human ſhallowneſs, was pleaſed to baffle all the efforts of mortal induſtry; to the great and laſting mortification of every body in this

this kingdom, as appear'd in the frequent repinings occaſion'd by the additional fatality of this diſappointment. Tho' after all, it illy becomes the creature to murmur at the will of the ſupreme Creator. And much leſs does it become our limited underſtandings to pretend, on one hand, to dive into the cauſes of his unſearchable conduct in the diſpoſal of things; or to preſume, on the other, to draw injurious inferences from it.

And tho' theſe earneſt endeavours of the nation were ſolid proofs of our affection, zeal and ſympathy for *Portugal*; they were not the only ones. His Majeſty forthwith diſpatch'd couriers to *Liſbon*, both by ſea and land, to enquire into the diſtreſſes of that diſconſolate people, that he might by that means be enabled to relieve them the more effectually; and withal ſent a moſt affectionate letter of condolence to the King of *Portugal*, which was as affectionately anſwer'd. At the ſame time every demonſtration was given by King, Nobility, and perſons of all ranks and ſexes, of their genuine concern for the *Portugueſe* nation, and of their true regard for its auguſt Sovereign and his royal family, in the redoubled reſpect and aſſiduity, with which every one behaved towards and endeavour'd to conſole his two worthy Miniſters then actually at this court.

It is poſſible indeed, that foreigners in general may look upon theſe ſuccours in a meer privative light, as marks of friendſhip from the King and Parliament only, and as acts in which the reſt of the nation had no ſort of ſhare. But I am very confident, that all ſuch of thoſe foreigners as were here, and witneſs'd on the ſpot the univerſal approbation and applauſe, the above proceedings met with, from the people in general of the kingdom, muſt think quite otherwiſe, and conſider the whole as the joint benevolence of all the nation.

None

None murmur'd at the grant: none thought it too much: none grudg'd the proportion of additional weight which muſt conſequently fall to their ſhare, by an augmentation of taxes to be made for that purpoſe. On the contrary, all were pleaſed: all rejoiced at the ſteps taken; and all ſhower'd bleſſings on king and parliament for having taken them. The only fault found by the public was with the ſmallneſs of the ſum: which, being at firſt haſtily miſtaken in a limitative ſenſe, was generally thought too little to relieve the neceſſities to which it was applied. Surely there needs no ſtronger argument to prove the great ſhare the public had in theſe ſuccours, and in the generous ſentiments with which they were granted.

Nor were they the ſentiments only of ſuch as had a natural connection of intereſts with the *Portugueſe*, but alſo of perſons of every condition; of the rich and the poor; of folks at their eaſe, and even of them who live but by the toil of the day, and know no more of *Portugal*, than that it is a foreign, chriſtian nation in peace and friendſhip with us. All which arguments of national benevolence cannot poſſibly be ſuppoſed otherwiſe than perfectly ſincere. For beſides that the hearts they flow'd from, could have no intereſt in feigning ſuch ſentiments; they are but the natural reſult of that compaſſion, which every human breaſt muſt feel on the like occaſion, unleſs totally corrupted. For my own part, I feel them all within my own boſom, and I feel them purely from the like native impulſe of unbias'd humanity.

It is this very impulſe alone, which urges me to addreſs the public thus warmly at the preſent juncture, when warmth is made neceſſity; when anger becomes a virtue; and when the ſame true greatneſs of ſoul, which has call'd forth all our latent ſeeds of benevolence in behalf of our ſuffering friends the *Portugueſe*, muſt kindle to a blaze our honeſt indignation againſt their heartleſs inſultors. I mean that daſtardly

daſtardly race of reptils without a name, I already hinted at; whoſe hope of impunity, whoſe luſt for miſchief, and whoſe want of ſhame, jointly embolden them wantonly to triumph over the crying afflictions of one nation, and to diſgrace the generous pity of another, for ſordid, ſelfiſh ends, too low to influence any thing beſides ſuch crawling vermin.

In fact, who, that has honour in his mind, or virtue in his heart, can poſſibly refrain from wrath at ſeeing, as who but has ſeen, that, while this whole nation has been and ſtill is nobly ſolicitous to exert its friendly eagerneſs for the relief of *Portugal*, a graceleſs, unnatural fry of barbarous inſects have boldly intruded among the generous multitude, merely to add affliction to affliction, like lawleſs robbers at a conflagration.

Such I eſteem the bluſhleſs authors of the many ſcandalous, injurious paragraphs, with which our daily papers have been ſtuff'd of late, to a ſurfeiting degree of unpardonable licentiouſneſs. Such too I deem that paultry, mercenary tribe, the broachers of thoſe infamous prints and more infamous pamphlets, with which (ever ſince our firſt alarms from *Liſbon*) the public of the *Britiſh* nation, no leſs than that of the *Portugueſe*, has been inceſſantly both peſter'd and inſulted.

And what better part can thoſe ſcrawling caitiffs be thought to act than that of common plunderers, groveling, treacherous plunderers? The heartleſs, petty thief at a deſolating fire does no more than creep by ſtealth among the pitying multitude, and, under the cloak of an aſſiſtant, rob the poor ſufferers, by help of that confuſion, which neither allows them room, nor time, nor faculties to diſcern the injurer from the friend. Nor are they doing leſs, who, taking baſe advantage of the preſent affliction of the *Portugueſe*, and of *England*'s ſympathetic ſorrow, have ſtealingly elbow'd-in among the good-natured bulk

bulk of generous, genuin mourners, under the borrow'd garb of joint condolers, of temporal comforters, of godly monitors, (and what not?) merely with the mean, perfidious view, on *one* hand, to deprive the former of inward peace, of outward credit, and of that generous compaſſion from other nations, which ſhould ſecure them general relief proportion'd to their preſent exigence; and on the *other*, to rob the latter of the glory of their generous ſympathy.

Such are the dark deſigns thoſe ſons of miſchief ſeem to have in view. Tho' of the two, the aſt is probably their darling aim. For I cannot help being of the ſettled opinion of the major part of the public, that the principal authors of the inundation of outrage, I am ſpeaking of, are that enormous brood of foreign emiſſaries, with which this kingdom ſwarms; and which, nothing but infatuation can make us tolerate with ſo much indolence and inattention.

Yet theſe are the vipers we chuſe to cheriſh in our boſoms; and theſe the returns of their unwearied perfidy; to turn againſt ourſelves that warmth, with which we have pamper'd them to wantonneſs. Doubly malignant wretches! who, enjoying miſchief moſt, when moſt extenſive, perfidiouſly ſneak-in between the *Portugueſe* and us, to rob both nations of their natural confidence and friendſhip; by counterfeiting *Britiſh* names and characters, wherewith more unſuſpectedly to gall thoſe very wounds of *Portugal*, ſtill reeking, which *England* is actually ſo anxious and ſo buſy to aſſuage and heal.

This ſeems to be the fruit the ribbalds promiſe to themſelves from their miſchievous labour, and not without appearance of ſucceſs. For what confidence can our friendſhip cheriſh or maintain in the *Portugueſe?* or what friendly ſentiments can they retain for us; if our beneficence to them in time of affliction, aſſume the appearance of inſult, by coming to them embitter'd with loads of coarſe abuſe? and what other

other light can the ſuccours, we ſend them, appear in; if we continue tamely to ſuffer, as we have done, that thoſe ſuccours be accompanied with inſolent, venomous invectives of ſnarling *Jews* and other foreign rabble, from a *Britiſh* Preſs, and under the ſtolen cover of an *Engliſh* dreſs and *Engliſh* characters?

What, tho' (thank heaven) the ſcurrilous impertinence of ſuch growling, groveling *bipedes* be far too low and impotent, their malice too barefaced, to have the like effect: That malice is the ſame: the ſame their folly, impudence and ignorance: the ſame the harſh, unſeaſonable diſturbance they create.—— What, tho' they ſtop at ſnarling, for want of the power to bite: ſtill the rude nuſance is the ſame.—— Are noiſy whelps leſs troubleſome for making-up their imbecillity for *harm* with double diligence to hinder *good?* No: ſtill are they common nuſances. And ſo (in a more inſufferable meaſure) are their humble imitators, their two-footed rivals, the ſcandal-yelping crew, I ſpeak of:—Creatures in human ſhape, without a human ſoul: who, feeling no ſenſation from the woes of others, but the infernal glee of ſpreading deſolation, may cry-out with their parent fiend; EVIL! BE THOU MY GOOD.

I think it then a juſtice due to the injured public of *England*, as well as to the inſulted people of *Portugal*, to ſilence theſe ſnarling curs, by whipping them back to their native kennels; that I may thereby rid mankind of the manifold miſtakes, they are expoſed to, amidſt the wild confuſion of unconnectable ideas, which the noiſy animals have raiſed and are ſo buſy to keep-up. This I ſhall endeavour at, at leaſt, by ſeparating falſhood from truth; abſurdity from common-ſenſe; and the inſinuations and ſuppoſitions of malicious prejudice from reality and unbias'd reaſon.

To this end, that I may obſerve ſome degree of regularity even in the midſt of confuſion; I ſhall *firſt* run-over and animadvert-upon the facts concerning the late cataſtrophe at *Liſbon*, as they have been falſly and abſurdly related from time to time in the daily papers and ſome venal pamphlets; and I ſhall afterwards give a faithful narration of them as they are in themſelves, with ſome conjectural reaſons for the great diſproportion in different accounts. *Secondly*, I ſhall take a review of ſome of the ſcurrilous reflections, unchriſtian inferences, groſs abuſes, and inhuman inſults, with which thoſe fabulous narratives have been accompanied by ſome of the gazeteering tribe, and in the hireling productions of that refuſe of human ſpecies the common herd of proſtitute pamphleteers and print-mongers: and I ſhall examin by the way, with what truth, with what juſtice, humanity and common decency, and to what probable end, thoſe varlets have been thus ſhamefully laviſh of falſhood, fiction and inſolence at ſo unſeaſonable a juncture.

To begin then with the facts,——

The firſt account we had, of the fatal cataſtrophe at *Liſbon* on the firſt of *November*, 1755, came to us by means of the *French* ambaſſador reſident at that court, who ſent it to his own in a letter dated *Nov.* 4th, three days after the *firſt* ſhock. And that account, after being toſt up to the *French* palate by the cooks at *Verſailles*, and ſerved-up in the *Paris à la main*, was convey'd to us at ſecond hand by our dirty ſcullions of domeſtic journaliſts; who deliver'd-out an aukward, inſipid haſh of the ſuperfluous ſcraps, in the daily papers of the 25th of the ſame month; wherein we were very confidently told,

Firſt, that "the earth open'd and ſwallow'd-up "great numbers of houſes;—*ſecondly*, flames iſſuing "at the ſame time ſet on fire thoſe that ſtood;— "*thirdly*, two thirds of that great city were de-

"ſtroy'd;

" ſtroy'd ;—*fourthly*, a hundred thouſand lives were " loſt ;—*fifthly*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador and his fa- " mily were ſwallow'd-up ;—*ſixthly*, the king was " obliged to run-out in his ſhirt, and ſit in it without " any other clothing for three hours in his coach ;— " *ſeventhly* and *laſtly*, the reſt of the royal family " eſcaped out of the palace juſt time enough to ſave " their lives, it having been thrown-down imme- " diately after."

Now every individual article of this, tho' it have its foundation in truth, is abſolutely falſe. The *firſt* is ſhamefully falſe ; becauſe we have ſubſequent certain advice, that there was no ſwallowing, eruption, or opening of any kind : the *ſecond* is falſe, becauſe the conflagration was only cauſed partly by ſuperterraneous fire from lamps and kitchen-fires ; *partly* by graceleſs incendiaries little better than our modern news-broachers : the *third* and the *fourth* deſtroy each other ; one being hyperbolical, the other diminutive almoſt to abſurdity ; for *Lisbon* conſiſting of near 600,000 perſons, if two thirds had fallen, twice the number mention'd of lives loſt would not have excuſed it : the *fifth* is like the *firſt* ; there having been no ſwallow ; and none but the ambaſſador having periſh'd out of his family, and he by the fall of his porch : the abſurdity of the *ſixth*, betrays itſelf. For the king to remain in his coach for three hours in nought but his ſhirt, either he muſt be alone, or his attendants be as bare as himſelf : if alone, how came he by his coach ? if attended, how came all his attendants to be ſo naked ? Certainly all the world was not in bed at near ten in the morning. Would not any one of them have ſtript himſelf of a coat or a cloak to ſave a life ſo dear to all, ſo needful, under God, to their common preſervation ? Or was there not a ſingle ſpare garment in all *Belem*, which then was and now is entire and ſtandng ? but abſurdity never reaſons. Nor is the *laſt* truer than the reſt. For tho'

prudence

prudence obliged the royal family to retire to the gardens for greater ſafety, as it could not be known what the iſſue might be; yet the event has ſhewn, that, if they had kept their ground, they might equally have perſiſted unhurt. For the palace is ſtill where it was, and not conſiderably damaged.

November 28th, in another article from *Paris*, we are again diſturb'd with a deal of deſolating fiction, mingled with ſome veracity. Indeed there is ſome degree of recantation of former falſhoods, though much againſt the grain. The Earth, which ſtood arraign'd before for *ſwallowing* not only the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, but alſo all his family, is honourably acquitted: the miſchief, which had involved *two thirds* of *Lisbon* in ruins, is contracted to one *half*. And the numbers of the dead reduced to a moiety. A pretty conſcientious reſtitution for modern politicians and gazeteers. But then, leſt we ſhould enjoy the conſolation long, we are immediately told from the *Paris à la main*, that " the greateſt part of the public " edifices and houſes of that ſuperb capital are de- " ſtroy'd, and upwards of 100,000 perſons buried " in the ruins." So much more inclined are thoſe creatures to repent of approaching towards rruth, than aſham'd of hugging the abſurdeſt falſhoods!

Again therefore we are peſter'd with freſh inconſiſtences, and are confidently told, that " the king " and queen, and royal family, after making their " eſcape, continued three days in their coaches; nay, " that they had been four and twenty hours without " any of their officers, or any thing to eat."

Ingenious rogues! who could thus luckily find out *il tondo nel quadro*, by lying round and ſquare. So then, according to theſe inventing varlets, the royal family moſt fortunately had the keys of coach-houſe and ſtables in their pockets; put-to the horſes themſelves; and, getting on the boxes, drove one another. For if the nobility of *Portugal*, tho' perhaps the braveſt

braveſt of any of their ſphere in *Europe)* all took to their heels and coward like left their royal maſters to ſhift for themſelves, as this account would inſinuate; what better can be ſuppoſed of the mean herd of their underlings? Yet all this may ſeem poſſible to a diſtemper'd brain. But then it muſt ſeem odd to all, but a journaliſt, that a ſovereign, the moſt abſolute perhaps in *Europe*, and a royal family (without a *perhaps)* the moſt univerſally and unfeignedly beloved by its vaſſals of any in the known world, ſhould remain thus friendleſs, thus forlorn, for four and twenty hours without a morſel of bread, and without one ſingle faithful vaſſal to help them, or ſhare in their diſtreſs; in a word, without one friendly ſubject to ſtick by them; or who, after the firſt minutes of conſternation and ſtupor, had the ſoul or the ſenſe to think for the eaſe, the ſuſtenance, or ſafety of lives, on which, next to God, their chief redreſs, of all, depended. And what makes the oddity ſtill more incomprehenſible is, that the very neighbourhood, where theſe princes are ſuppoſed thus deſtitute, with its dependences for the ſpace of three miles, tho' affected by the ſhock, was ſtanding and intire, as it ſtill (thank God) remains. Surely then to credit ſuch a fable muſt require more implicit faith, than to believe a man ſix feet high could jump into a pint bottle.

However all this heap of diſcomforting incoherence is preſently accounted for, when we reflect, whence it came, and that "the *French* Ambaſſadour wrote it in his tent in the fields:" Whither, no doubt, his panic and politics follow'd him; and, ſticking cloſe to him there, help'd him not a little to improve the romantic tale of every ſcared peaſant, he could lay hold of: too careful, I preſume, of his own precious perſon, to be a ſpectator himſelf of any part of the tragedy, he could poſſibly avoid.

However, thus far all is truth and modeſty, compared to the hyperbolical extravagance father'd on the *Roman* Nuncio. I ſay father'd, for ſurely no man with a head or heart fit to be Miniſter at ſo reſpectable a court, as that of *Liſbon*, could be capable of ſuch a crack-brain'd flight as that imputed to him. It muſt then be the dexterous ſtroke of ſome political butcher at *Paris* or elſewhere, who, reſolved to out-do the quaking earth, and more quaking Miniſter of *France*, ſcorn'd to ſtop his exterminating fiſt at the overthrow of *two thirds* or the *greateſt part* of *Liſbon*; but with one ſhiver of his ponderous pen and pate, with more than *Herculean* vigour, annihilates the whole city, root and branch, under the borrow'd name of the purpled Miniſter, in a pretended letter from him to his brother Miniſter, in theſe fantaſtic terms: FROM THE PLACE WHICH ONCE WAS *LISBON*.

It muſt be own'd, indeed, that the phraſe is wonderous quaint, however out of place, out of time, and out of ſeaſon. But what have theſe conſiderations to do with witticiſm? why ſhould public woes oblige a heartleſs witling, who does not feel them, to choke himſelf with ſwallowing a flight, he is pleaſed to think a witty one? without this ſalley, our concern might have made us not recollect a VIRGIL's *ſolum quo Troia fuit*. At leaſt we ſhould not have known, there was a two-legg'd animal in the world, with a heart ſo inſenſible, and a head ſo delirious as to be playing the zany, in the midſt of a diſtreſs'd multitude, and commit a rape on the wit of others, at the expence of propriety and proportion. And ſurely, neither is regarded here. For who from this Application would not conclude, that *Lisbon* were now no more exiſtent, than *Troy* was at the time of *Virgil*'s writing? and ſuch a hint would probably have made us draw ſuch a concluſion; had it been imputed to any one, except an *Italian*. But who does not know the freakiſh diſpoſition inſeparable from the in-

inhabitants of *Italy?* few are ſo illiterate as not to be appriſed, that an *Italian*, though his father were breaking his neck, would ſcarce loſe his *concetto* to reſcue his parent. The conceit muſt out, however, ill-timed, unſeaſonable, or extravagant; whatever the conſequence. This the witling probably knew, and therefore pitch'd on an *Italian* Prelate for the father of his own baſtard.

Be that as it may, our claſſic demoliſher having at one ſtroke deprived the journaliſts of the pleaſure of more deſtruction at *Lisbon* for the preſent; theſe, that they might not be totally idle, during the ſuſpenſion of freſh intelligences, were ſo induſtrious as to diſturb the very moths in the quiet poſſeſſion of their property, and to ranſack the muſhroom productions of long forgotten ſcribblers, in ſearch of means to continue the horrorous effects of *Portugal*'s preſent calamity to future centuries. Indefatigable ſlaves to perdition!

To effect thus much then, our ſprightly ſons of miſchief, have dragg'd-out of merited and long enjoy'd obſcurity an old *Spaniſh* paper-waſter moſt admirably adapted to their purpoſe.

The ſcribbler, from whom our journaliſts, or their drudges, have probably ſtoln their anecdote is *Mariana*, of lying memory, a kind of chronological gazeteer of yore, more curious then fond, like our preſent ones, of the *much* and the *extraordinary*, than of the *good* and the *true*. He indeed, mentions an earthquake at *Lisbon* in 1344, and another in 1531. But as *Duarte Riberio de Macedo*, a *Portugueſe* author of eſtabliſh'd reputation, and deſervedly ſo, has fully convicted the *Spaniard* of palpable falſhoods in other particulars relating to *Portugal*, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect his veracity in theſe.

On the ſtrength, however, of the evidence of this retailer of romances and his copiers, we are good-naturedly inform'd, in the *Public Advertiſer* of *No-*

vember 29, that " In 1531 there was an earthquake " at *Lisbon*, in which about 1400 houſes were thrown " down, and 600 more were ſo ſorely ſhaken, that they " were ready to fall: and many of their churches were " caſt to the ground. The like calamity happen'd to " that city about 200 years before."

By this piece of impertinent erudition, laid-down with all the poſitiveneſs of an inconteſtable fact, we are given to underſtand, that within little more than four hundred years backwards, there have happen'd at *Lisbon* three Earthquakes at almoſt equal diſtances of two hundred years from one another. Whence, I preſume, they mean to infer, that that city is ſubject to a regular kind of interſticial convulſion: which, if it be rebuilt, may in all probability affect it again in the ſame manner, in the like ſpace of about two hundred years hence.

Surely ſuch random hints at ſo unſeaſonable a juncture, muſt appear to every man of bowels and brains, the meer wild tranſports of a ſavage, rather than effects of reflection in a rational creature; were they ever ſo founded on truth. What muſt they be therefore, confounded as they are with fiction and miſtake? Were it even true, that there really was an earthquake in *Lisbon* at one of the Times mention'd in the above paragraph; it does not appear to be at all true that there was one at the other period. Though, indeed, according to an ancient *Portugueſe* tradition and ſome *Portugueſe* writers, the accident which happen'd then about, might very eaſily from confuſion, ignorance or malice, give occaſion to the tale of an earthquake at that time; the more eſpecially as that accident had ſome of the melancholy conſequences of one.

The accident in fact, as tradition relates it, was the ſudden fall of a conſiderable brow of St. *Katherine*'s hill; which till then hung over the lower part of the town towards the *Romulares* and *Boa Viſta* almoſt

almoſt to the verge of the water, forming a degree of half Arcade. And as it ſeem'd to compoſe one ſolid ſaxeous ſubſtance with the mountain, and diſcover'd no threatening ſymptoms of ſeparation; various public and private edifices were built upon it, as well as in the valley below: ſuch as houſes, palaces, churches, *&c.* But whether this ſeeming brow really was a diſtinct body from the mountain, and its baſis too ſlender for its upwards encreaſing bulk, or whether, torn by the violence of its exorbitant weight, it parted from its parent-hill; certain it is, that, at length, it gave way on a ſudden and involved in its ruin, not only thoſe buildings above, which it had hitherto ſerved to ſuſtain, but alſo thoſe underneath, which till then it had help'd as a ſhelter. Still this event, pernicious as it was, was very different from an earthquake; though, by the bye, a fatality of the kind, whoſe rude effects muſt greatly reſemble thoſe of an earthquake, was no indifferent hint for a romantic *Spaniard* to work-up to a real one.

However, granting for a minute, that there were at *Lisbon* two ſeveral earthquakes at the diſtances of time mention'd in the journaliſt's paragraph; it does not thence at all follow, that that City is the more likely to be viſited with another two hundred years hence, or at any other diſtance hereafter, unleſs we are fantaſtic enough to ſuppoſe (what there is no rational foundation for) that the earth is ſubject to ſuch periodical tremors, whoſe acceſſes are regular, like fits of the ague in human bodies. We might have as well concluded from the two periodical ſhocks felt in *London* in 1750, that we muſt expect others every month after. Indeed, I muſt own, there was a brother conjuror of our noveliſts, who had the bright thought to predict as much: but I am almoſt aſhamed to recall the number of dupes, who gave into it. I cannot ſee then what motive our ſavages could have for their impertinent anecdote, but the

dear luſt of aggravating the ſorrows of an afflicted people, by ranſacking the imaginary ſpaces of meer poſſibility, for the improvement of miſchief to come. However, I make no doubt, but the deſolating forgeries of our preſent drones will ſerve as ſo many undeniable texts, for ſucceeding dunces to enlarge upon. And no doubt, with ſuch authentic documents, they will not fail to make a like pompous ſhew of vaſt erudition in their future diſſertations upon earthquakes. To this end it is, I preſume, that they are ſo induſtriouſly collected and hoarded-up in our opulent *monthly magazines* of learned trumpery, *in futurum ſcriblerorum ſubſidium.*

On the firſt of *December* the account of the late unhappy event at *Lisbon* from his *Britannic* Majeſty's Miniſter at *Madrid* appear'd in the *Public Advertiſer* to this effect:——*that* "It began between the hours "of nine and ten in the morning:"——*that* "in five "minutes it deſtroy'd the palace, churches and moſt "of the ſtately buildings:"——*that* "the flames were "deſtroying the remains of the city from one extremity "to the other, when the courier came away."—and "*that* the town of *Setuval* was entirely deſtroy'd."

This account, which bears the ſame date from *Lisbon* with that of the *French* Miniſter, though written at *Madrid*, *Nov.* 10, is but a repetition of former miſrepreſentations. It is falſe, that *the earthquakes deſtroy'd in five minutes the palace, churches, and moſt of the ſtately edifices.* For only a part of the palace fell by the *tremor:* And but few of the churches and ſtately buildings fell entirely. Some loſed a front, ſome a roof, ſome only a wall, or a few ſtones from the walls, till the fire breaking-out in the afternoon and getting head (for want of perſons to check its progreſs) deſtroy'd them quite.

It is alſo falſe, that, *when the letters came away the flames had extended themſelves from one extremity of the city to the other.* For the fire's lateſt fury never reach'd

reach'd any one extremity of the town by a great way. Since meaſuring the town along the water-ſide, from the gate of *Alcantara* to St. *Paul*'s (where the fire ſtopp'd weſtward) makes a good mile and a half in length: And from the extremity of its buildings towards *Sacavem* to the *gallows* (where it deſiſted north-eaſtward) makes near two miles more: both which ſpaces eſcaped the conflagration and ſuffer'd but moderately by the earthquake. *Again*, if we proceed croſs-ways by the land out-lets from the *Dominicans* (where the fire alſo ſtopp'd) to the end of St. *Joze*'s, which makes another good mile at leaſt, the caſe is ſtill better, the fire was not felt and the earthquake but little, and with ſcarce any damage. So likewiſe from the aqueduct downwards by the large precincts of St. *Izabel*, *Cotovia*, *Rato*, and all the vaſt extenſive and populous neighbourhood of St. *Bento* down again to *Boa Viſta*, *Alcantara*, its Suburbs and *Junqueira*, all remain'd entire, unprejudiced by the flames, and very little damaged by the tremor, quite a long to and through *Belem:* which, though in itſelf a diſtinct territory, is not a ſeparate one; but makes one whole continued pile of buildings with *Lisbon*, after the ſelf-ſame manner as St. *James*'s and *Weſtminſter* do with *London*. So far were the flames from deſtroying the city *from one extremity to the other*.

Nay, ſince general conſternation abated, we are aſſured by many, whoſe ſenſe and veracity may be depended upon, that the grand damage was effected by fire, and that, if the conflagration had not happen'd, the reſt had been repairable at a moderate expence.

Finally, it is abſolutely *falſe*, that *the town of* SETUVAL *was entirely deſtroy'd*. For by perſons of credit, ſince arrived hither from that very port, we are ſolemnly aſſured, that half that city is ſtill ſtanding, and the ſalt-pits not the leaſt prejudiced. Such, however, is the magic power of fiction and falſhood to deſtroy what is, and give being to what is not!

But

But to do juſtice to our *Britiſh* Miniſter, he is not accountable for the exaggerations it teems with. It was his office to acquaint his court of what he could know relating to ſo intereſting a matter: and he could know no more than what he learned from a crafty *Frenchman*, a frothy *Italian*, a hyperbolic *Spaniard*, and a ſcared *Courier:* all equally burſting-big with extravagance from different principles.

Now one would imagine here were horrors enough in conſcience. But our novelliſts, it ſeems, thought otherwiſe; and therefore, took upon them to improve the deſolation in the following paragraph:

"A Ship (ſay they) is arrived at *Falmouth* in ſeven "Days from *Gibraltar*, which brings an account, that "the earthquake was felt there, though no damage "done; but they did not, when this ſhip came-away, "know of the diſmal affair at *Lisbon:* which is a ſtrong "proof, that the ſhipping there muſt have ſuffer'd "greatly: and, beſides, we don't hear of any ſhip "being ſail'd from *Lisbon* to any place ſince the mis-"fortune; at which time many ſhips of all nations "muſt have been in the harbour."

I would fain know, where lies the force of this pretended *ſtrong proof* of the ſhips at *Lisbon* ſuffering greatly, becauſe (forſooth) none from thence touch'd lately at *Gibraltar?*——why, becauſe a month of bad weather deprived us of ſhip-news from thence, nothing but ruin muſt be the concluſion; unleſs to ſwell a barbarian ſpeculation to the utmoſt ſtretch of ſtupidity? Ingenious drones! who, not content with real calamities, muſt rack their empty loggerheads in ſearch of the imaginary! The true cauſe of this dearth of marine intelligence was ſo obvious to all who think, that few were at a loſs to gueſs at it. And time convinced us of the truth of our conjectures; which were, that the packet was detain'd by the factory, and the reſt of the ſhipping by the wiſdom of the *Portugueſe* government, in order to prevent the

counter-

counterband export of an immenſe cargo of fiction, forgery, and the conſternation attending them, which would probably have been ſpread round the globe; as well as to hinder the clandeſtine exit of a conſiderable quantity of pillage; which would have deprived many proprietors of their right and the gallows of its property. But this reflection did not occur to our noveliſts, or rather they wanted to prepare us for an inundation of fiction and nonſenſe in their next day's paper.

Accordingly, on the ſecond of *December*, we have the following article: "*Paris*, *November* 21, "*Lisbon* is no more. Moſt violent ſhocks of an "earthquake, repeated for the ſpace of ten hours "have demoliſh'd three fourths of it; and the flames "which iſſued from the gaping earth have conſumed "the remainder."

Lucky genius, at ſublimely plunging! if the flames really had iſſued from the earth; Mr. *Public* needed not to tell us, it gaped; for it certainly muſt, before it could puke-out fire. But as the earth happily kept its mouth conſtantly ſhut; the reader may aſſure himſelf, no flames iſſued from its entrails; whatever there might from the heated brain of our journaliſtical fire-eaters.

But we are farther told, on the authority of an IT IS SAID, that "the king of *Portugal* concludes "his letter on the earthquake to the king of *Spain* "in the following words: *I am without a houſe in* "*a tent, without ſervants, without ſubjects, with-* "*out money, and without bread.*"

I could almoſt be confident, that Mr. *It is ſaid*, the real author of this pretended concluſion, is ſome diſcarded player reduced to ſtrolling; who, big with his own imagin'd mighty downfall, has figured himſelf in the moſt faithful majeſty's condition; and therefore in a raving fit has made the real ſovereign write

write the grovelling thoughts and reptil language of the buſkin monarch.

Still, however, the like whining ſtuff may ſuit ſuch lowly vermin; nothing above their crawling genius can entertain a thought, that a prince of the well-known wiſdom and magnanimity of the King of *Portugal* ever wrote that lamentable fuſtian, void of order, ſenſe, or truth, or dignity. His majeſty had then, and now has more than one palace ſtanding: his royal mint was ſafe: all the *Portugueſe* were not deſtroy'd nor fled. He could not then truly ſay, he was *without a houſe*, without *ſervants*, or *ſubjects*, or *money*. And what he could not ſay with truth, we may with truth aver, he did not ſay.

In the next article out novelliſt tells us, that "ſome minutes before the earthquake, the *Tagus* "ſwell'd in a moſt terrible manner, and overflow-"ing its banks laid a large tract of land under wa-"ter. Moſt of the veſſels which were in the har-"bour are loſt. The waves carried ſome of them "a great way over land."

Then indeed they muſt be loſt paſt all redreſs; or our brave tars muſt make good haſte to get them off, before our nimble rogues of gazeteers oblige the earth to gape again, for the pure ſake of drowning them upon dry land. But all this is meant only to confirm the ſagacious preſage given us the day before; and anſwers ſo patly to it, that, ſpight of our conviction to the contrary, ſome folks may ſuſpect the author of the *Public Advertiſer* for a *cunning man*.

The next thing, our underſtandings as well as our griefs are inſulted with, is an heroi-farcical letter, without a date, pretended to be written from *Lisbon*, by an anonymous tragic booby to his unknown nunky, in theſe buffooneſk terms: "I write to you, "my dear unkle, from *amidſt the ruins* of *Lisbon*, "which *can be ſeen no more*, and which *ſmokes* of its

" its conflagration. All thoſe *who have effects* or " buſineſs in *this wretched city* muſt think no more " of them. *All is loſt.* The *firſt* of *November*, at " nine in the morning we ſuffer'd the moſt terrible " earthquake, that ever was experienced in *Europe.* " It has *thrown down Lisbon*, which *repreſents no* " *more* than *heaps of ſtones*, rubbiſh and dead car- " caſſes. The *ſtrangers* are all ruin'd; but they " have not ſuffer'd ſo much in their perſons as in " their goods. *I have been miraculouſly preſerved*, " and *I ſtill* live. But I have *no ſhoes* to put on my " feet. *I can ſay no more.* After the earthquake " ſucceeded a *general* conflagration, which *conſumed* " *all the city.*"

Is it poſſible to jumble together in ſo ſmall a compaſs, a greater collection of nonſenſe? Surely not. Is it *Lisbon*, or its ruins, which can be ſeen no more?—If the former, how comes it to ſmoke ſo viſibly?—If the latter, how did he contrive to write in the midſt of them? Which ever be the caſe, it appears ſomewhat amazing that *all* ſhould be loſt, where ſome *have effects.* For I ſhould have thought that if *all is loſt*, in this wretched city; then *none have effects:* or if there be ſome, who *have effects in it*; then *all is not loſt.* Nor does his *inviſibly repreſenting* city appear leſs aſtoniſhing. If *Lisbon* be really *thrown down*, it ſomething more than *repreſents:* —*It is* in fact the *heaps of ſtones*, &c. Or if it really *repreſents*; then it is *not entirely thrown down.* 'Tis ſomething more than the heaps it repreſents. For nothing can repreſent itſelf. His *miraculous preſervation* too is ſtill more wonderful, and muſt be wondrous pleaſing to a papiſt; as it is a manifeſt argument in favour of their tenets, that miracles have not ceaſed. Rather muſt they be plentiful indeed, to be laviſh'd on ſo ſuperlative a coxcomb: a ſublime title, to which, in my humble opinion, our letter-writer's claim ſtands fully aſſerted in every

line

ſine of his elaborate epiſtle. But the moſt amazing part of the modern prodigy ſeems to be, that he ſhould have been both *preſerved* and alſo kept *alive*. Wherefore, as an injudicious reader might have overlook'd ſo important a circumſtance, or have miſunderſtood it; he did well to explain it, by telling us; *I have been miraculouſly preſerved, and I ſtill live*, that is, in plain *Engliſh*, *I have been both preſerved and at the ſame time not kill'd*; or in other words, *I have been preſerved*, not by being cut-up, embalm'd, or put into the pickling-tub, as ſome might underſtand; but by being left in a whole ſkin. For *I ſtill live*. A miracle, in my mind, of no ſmall ſafety to others; as the carcaſs of a coxcomb is ſeldom found enough for the ſalutary uſes of a mummy. But the miracle, after all, does not ſeem ſo advantageous to himſelf, as appears by his unthankfully ſpurning at it, for not extending to his ſhoes. And what, alas, can life avail to Maſter *Pamela*; if, after loſing all, he have the farther misfortune to loſe his dancing pumps? But 'tis the fate of the family. No wonder then he ſhould be *able to ſay no more*, or that, tho' the downfall of part of a populous city, the ſlaughter of ſome and the ruin of many of its citizens could not ſilence his inſufferable prate; this loſs of loſſes (the loſs of his ſhoes!) ſhould ſtrike him quite dumb. But oh, the ſuperlative power of the volatile ſpirit of lying, to reſtore a fool to his ſpeech, and enable him, tho' unable to ſay more, to tell us another round falſhood, that "*a* "*general conflagration had conſumed all the city.*"

Such are the extravagances, which coxcombs run into, when they attempt to be ſmart out of ſeaſon. And yet I ſhould have ſcorn'd to take notice even of theſe; much leſs ſhould I have treated them with ſo much ſeverity; could I poſſibly have conceived them to come from a real ſufferer at *Liſbon*. On the contrary, in ſuch caſe, inſtead of expoſing, I ſhould have

have felt the greateſt compaſſion for the writer, tho' unknown to me. The bare want of common brains, ſo manifeſt throughout the whole, would more than ſuffiſe to excite all my pity. For I am ſo far from thinking, that perſons in ſuch afflicting circumſtances, as the preſent inhabitants of *Lisbon*, are at all accountable for any abſurdities they fall into; that I look upon thoſe as very natural conſequences of ſuch inevitable conſternation. And I am perfectly perſuaded that the ſtouteſt man living, who believes in a future ſtate, muſt at ſuch a juncture ſtand in need of more than human fortitude, to preſerve any ſymptoms of a rational creature.

But there is in this pretended extract, ſo manifeſt an affectation of ſmartneſs in the jingle; ſuch a cool unconcernedneſs for public calamity, and ſo burleſque a contraſt between the ſupernatural preſervation of one ridiculous perſonage, and the unnatural conſternation about the loſs of a pair of ſhoes, that I am invincibly perſuaded, it can be no other than the abſurd production of a crack-brain'd *journaliſt*, or of ſome other ſuch heartleſs, wholeſale and retail dealer in abſurdities.

This however is ſucceeded by another extract from *Lisbon*, of *Nov.* 3. poſitively aſſuring us that "all the *Rocio*, together with the *palace*, *caſtle*, "*cuſtom-houſe*, *Bairo alto*, and *all the buildings along* "*the water-ſide* are laid in ruins, about *three fourths* "of the city, and the remainder is on fire." From which words, who does not underſtand, 1ſt, that all the above mention'd precincts and every building thereon, were *laid in ruins*. 2dly, That the above precincts made *three fourths* of the city; and 3dly, that the theatre of the flames was the other *fourth* part, abſtracted from the ſaid *three fourths?* whereas nothing can be more falſe than every one of theſe inſinuations.

1ſt,

1ſt, It is *falſe*, that all the *Rocio* was laid in ruins by the earthquake, or indeed by the fire afterwards. For the ſide next the *Carms* kept ſtanding, till the flames deſtroy'd it: the *Inquiſition*, which takes-up near one ſide of the ſquare, was neither thrown down nor burnt, but is ſtanding to this day. Of the *palace*, only the king's apartment fell; it was the fire demoliſh'd the reſt: the *caſtle* neither was nor is wholly demoliſh'd: the *cuſtom-houſe* was at firſt partly thrown down by the tremor, but it was the fire which afterwards compleated its deſtruction: the *Bairo alto* was ſo far from being wholly laid in ruins by the earthquake, that there are ſeveral ſtately buildings as well as others upon that large hill, which are ſtill ſtanding; ſome of them already repair'd, and others equally repairable: and of all the buildings along the water-ſide, one may fairly ſay, that ſcarce one tenth (if that) was thrown down by the earthquake. Indeed, when the fire got head, the miſchief extended itſelf much wider, ſpreading from the *palace*, where it began, quite down to St. *Paul*'s weſtward, and again from the ſame *palace* up to *Campo da Laa* north-eaſtward. All which ſpace however (excluſive of the three-miles continuation of united buildings from *Alcantara-bridge* to *Belem*, and only meaſuring from *Alcantara-gate* to the town's-end towards *Sacaven*) does not exceed one equal *fourth* (perhaps one *fifth*) of the buildings along the water-ſide: theſe indeed, more by fire than tremor, were deſtroy'd; but (thank God) the other *three fourths* (if not *four fifths*) are ſtill ſtanding, but little damaged by the earthquake, and not at all by the fire; tho' our liberal ſcribler laid the whole in ruins with one daſh of his exterminating pen.

2dly, Whoever is moderately acquainted with the immenſe circumference of *Lisbon*, and the ſeven hills it contains in its boſom, all ſtrew'd over with edifices on every ſide, will be forced to own, that the

above

above-mention'd precincts, inſtead of making *three fourths* of the city, did not amount to above *one*. Tho' indeed that one being the chief ſeat of court and commerce, its opulence might make it be conſider'd as equivalent to all the reſt.

3dly and *laſtly*, It is likewiſe *falſe*, that the theatre of the conflagration, was a diſtinct *fourth* part, abſtracted from the *three fourths* pretended to be firſt deſtroy'd by the earthquake. On the contrary, both tremor and fire exerted their whole fury in one and the ſame part of the town. For, the earthquake, tho' ſenſibly felt throughout the whole diſtrict of *Lisbon*, did not work any conſiderable overthrow, except in the vale between the two hills of the *Bairo alto* and the *caſtle*, and on the laps of them fronting the river: and it was in the ſelf-ſame places that the flames afterwards ſpread themſelves quite down to the water-edge and along its margin from St. *Paolo* to *Campo da Laa*; conſuming not only what was combuſtible in the ruins, but alſo very many edifices, which, having reſiſted the tremor, were ſtill ſtanding in the midſt of them. This was the central part of the town: nor did the fire extend itſelf beyond this central part: and even there it left ſome few whole ſtreets ſtanding, which ſtill remain entire. Moreover, all this extent of miſchief wrought in the center of the town, will not abſolutely make much (if any thing) above one equal *fourth* of *Lisbon*, either for ſpace or number of habitations. As to the reſt of the city, it ſtill continues ſtanding, tho' here and there ſomewhat damaged; but with no worſe miſchief than that of ſome few houſes unroof'd, others a little ſhatter'd, and here and there the ruin of an old, crazy ſtructure, which ſcarcely ſtood before. Nor are the props, with which moſt of the ſtouteſt buildings have ſince been ſtrengthen'd, any argument of general ruin, but of public prudence: tho it is probably to the great number of theſe props,

fixt

fixt-up almoſt every where, that we are indebted for the poſitive aſſurances we have had, that all *Liſbon* was either thrown down, or uninhabited and ready to fall; the vulgar miſtaking the precautions of good-ſenſe for the effects of neceſſity. Thus falſe in all its parts is the above (whether real, or pretended) extract from *Lisbon*.

The *journaliſt*, however, bountifully adds another piece of news, which, tho' of like authenticity, deſtroys his former intelligence. By this we are told, that "the whole city of *Lisbon* is reduced to a heap "of rubbiſh; *but that* it is thought, there are not "above 10,000 ſouls loſt in this calamity. Moſt "of the *Engliſh* and *foreigners* are ſafe. *The ſhipping* "*having received no conſiderable damage.* And there "are hopes, that a conſiderable part of the trea-"ſure may be dug-up; as there is *nothing ſwallow'd* "*up by the earth.*"

Here I take it for granted, that our journaliſt, where he ſays *the Engliſh and foreigners*, would ſay, if he knew how, *the Engliſh and* other *foreigners*. For I will not ſuppoſe he intends to deprive his *Britannic* Majeſty of ſo many and ſuch valuable ſubjects as, the gentlemen of our *Lisbon-Factory*, by making them natives of *Portugal*. Wherefore, I forgive him the petty-treaſon of clipping the King's *Engliſh*, in conſideration of his conſcientiouſly reſtoring to the nation its ſhipping, which he ſo lately demoliſhed in the *Tagus*. And as this reſtitution deſtroys his former miſchievouſly ſagacious preſage, I hope the public will generouſly acquit him of all ſuſpicion of witchcraft: as it is now fully proved, paſt every power of doubt, that *the author of the* PUBLIC ADVERTISER *is really and truly* NO CONJUROR.

And now, I cannot help admiring the vigorous ſtruggles of truth to raiſe her awful head above the combined torrents of madneſs and forgery, uniting to

to overwhelm her. But alas, poor Lady! for the preſent it is ſtriving againſt the ſtream. Our Journaliſt has a vacancy in his paper, which muſt be fill'd-up, coſt it what or to whom it may. And therefore (from what invincible antipathy to the celeſtial maid, I know not) he has the reſolution to ſouſe her again over head and ears with the *hearſay* of a *hearſay*, in the following article:

" From *Falmouth* we hear, that Capt. *Cotterel* ar-
" rived there from *Zant*, ſays, that he met a ſhip
" from *Liſbon*, bound to *Boſton*, the maſter of which
" told him, that on the 8th of *November* an earth-
" quake happen'd, which totally deſtroy'd *Liſbon*,
" and all the country adjacent." The news indeed comes from afar off: ſo, we may hope, it is not true. Otherwiſe there were an end, not only of *Liſbon*, but mayhap, of *Portugal*; nay, perhaps, of the whole continent. For the whole is *adjacent*, largely ſpeaking: and our *Journaliſts* have all, the knack of *ſpeaking very largely*. But there is ſtill hope: for the *Boſton* trader might be drunk; Capt. *Cotterel* might be thick of hearing; his reporters might be half aſleep, or Mr. *Public* might be quite ſo, or dream with his eyes open, as he often ſeems to do.

Dec. 3. we are told, that " Mr. *Caſtres*, in his let-
" ter from *Liſbon*, of *Nov.* 6, to Sir *Benjamin Keene*,
" ſays, that the *Engliſh* ſubjects reſiding at *Liſbon*,
" being in a very diſtreſt ſtate, and their houſes de-
" ſtroy'd, moſt of them were embarking for *Eng-*
" *land*, and that he was ſending a full and particular
" account of the late deplorable event to *London*, by
" ſea." Without doubt, it will be a very particular account, it is ſo very long a ſending over, and never yet arrived.

At the ſame time our *Journaliſt* tells us, " He is
" inform'd from perſons of credit, that many *Eng-*
" *liſh* merchants are providentially ſaved, both on
" ſhore and *on board ſhips*; and that ſeveral had

" ſaved both their books and their money. Beſides, " we hear, continues he, of *no place ſwallow'd-up*, " except one village, on the borders of the king- " dom." Then *the great number of houſes ſwallow'd up at* LISBON, was the forged chimæra of our *Journaliſt's* own brain; who bluſhes not to confeſs here that he never heard of any *place ſwallow'd-up, except one village:* which however in his great prudence or modeſty, he forbears to name: not chuſing perhaps to ſtand to the chriſtening of a brat, which never having exiſted, was haſtily ſwallow'd-up before it had a being; and was therefore unworthy of ſo magiſterial a godfather.

But on the 6th of *December*, Mr. *Public* is very remarkably ſmart both on *Portugal* and *Spain*, on the ſcore of the earthquake. Againſt the *latter*, he diſcharges a volley of ſmall wit, by way of news from the *Eſcurial*.

Now as the article itſelf is of great importance with our journaliſt; leſt any ſtubborn Sceptic ſhould doubt of the reality of the letter, it is ſuppoſed to be a part of; before I tranſcribe it, I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh its probable authenticity, and leave the reader then to judge for himſelf.

If any then more curious than credulous, ſhould aſk, how Mr. *Public*, or his *Engliſh-Dutch* correſpondent, came to be ſo intimate at the *Eſcurial* as to receive informations from thence of ſo ſecret a nature as mention'd in the article; I anſwer:—Tho' it be a little improbable, it is not phyſically impoſſible, for him to have a ſet of domeſtics of his own placing there, and by conſequence ſo many ſpies. In which caſe, who knows, but, in hopes of farther preferment, or out of gratitude for his *Corinthian* zeal to promote the exorbitant encreaſe of their demands for wages, and the exuberant growth of their inſolence, they might ſnatch a few *billets doux* out of the fire (as mention'd in the article) meerly to ſend them

them to their truſty patron. For where, I pray, is the impoſſibility, that a man of *univerſal intelligence* ſhould keep an *univerſal regiſter-office* in *Spain* for the conveniency of helping *humble ſervants* there to *good-natured miſtreſſes*, and *vice verſa*, as well as *tolerable maſters* and *ladies* to *intolerable domeſtics?*

For my own part, I eſteem your modern *regiſter-offices* a kind of ſubtil introduction to an *Engliſh Inquiſition*, and little different in their probable conſequences from the worſt effects we are told of a *Spaniſh* one: and I look upon the managers of them as ſo many *Inquiſitors general* palm'd upon us under the ſpecious and ſofter title of *univerſal intelligencers*; who, tho' leſs tremendous in their infancy, may, with proper encouragement from a future ſagacious magiſtracy, become, as they gain ground, equally abſolute and awful, as we ſuppoſe a *Spaniſh* Inquiſitor to be, and conſequently of equal advantage in a free country. There cannot then be any good reaſon aſſign'd, why a *Britiſh*, or a *Dutch univerſal regiſter-office* may not be as artificially introduced into *Spain*, as a worſe than *Spaniſh inquiſition* is ſtealing into *England*; nor why ſuch an office may not have as powerful an effect in *Spain*, as in *England*, towards propagating arrogance, ſloth and treachery in ſervants, as well as ſcandal among their betters, by a judicious encouragement of intrigue; and towards improving the mighty knowledge of an *univerſal intelligencer*, by the help of as many ſpies (or familiars) in every houſe, as the ſervants, with which he ſupplies it. For as, by virtue of his office, he will have the heads of families under his thumb, and their ſervants in fee, he muſt be in a fair way to know all which paſſes within every ones doors; nay, perhaps ſomething to boot: it not being in the nature of ſpies to be niggardly of information; but rather induſtrious and ingenious to ſupply a dearth of truths with in-

vention; that they may not appear either idle or uſeleſs.

Beſides, as every body, to be bleſt with a traitor from the office, muſt ſtand examination and give-in the *ſituation*, *ſtrength*, and *numbers* of their families, the *inquiſitorial intelligencer* will be the better qualified to gueſs at the ſtrength and weakneſs of every houſe, and conſequently to direct his *reſolutes*, which they may take the moſt care of, with the greateſt ſucceſs. Excellent advantages of an univerſal *Regiſter-Office!* which cannot fail of producing to the public of any nation, which encourages it, all the benefits, without any of the dangers, ariſing from the uſeful, tho' neglected, ſcheme of the late Mr *Jonathan Wild*, of ingenious memory; and can never be ſecretly improved into the political ſyſtem of any magiſterial *Cartouche*, while this iſland is bleſt with juſtices of the peace, who never make a trade of the public tranquillity and ſafety.

Having thus far, *quoad facultas tulit*, eſtabliſh'd the probable authenticity of the letter from the *Eſcurial*, I ſhall now give my readers the article, which is an abſtract from it, and by help of which, Mr. *Public* is moſt hugely facetious in his odd way. It is then as follows:

" On the 1ſt inſtant (ſays a letter from the *Eſcu-*
" *rial*) we had ſome ſlight ſhocks of an earthquake,
" which, after ſhaking the foundations of this vaſt
" edifice, threaten'd us with greater danger: for in
" the height of the fright occaſion'd by them in
" ſeveral of the apartments, ſuch vaſt quantities of
" *billets-doux* and other papers were thrown into the
" fires, that if the ſhock had laſted longer, it would
" have been impoſſible to ſtop the progreſs of the
" flames, which were already come-out beyond the
" chimneys. This ſhock was likewiſe felt at St.
" *Idelphonſo*, where the Princeſs, whoſe ambition

" hath

" hath ſo often thrown *Europe* into convulſions, lies " dangerouſly ill."

This witty letter, methinks, could be addreſt to none ſo properly as to the witty Mr. *Public*, or his equally ingenious *Dutch* correſpondent; nor could come from any one ſo probably, as from either of their ſagacious ſelves. A perſon of leſs penetration would have fooliſhly imagin'd any ſhocks of an earthquake tolerably *ſevere* ones, which could *ſhake* the very foundations of ſo *vaſt an edifice* as the *Eſcurial*. Whereas the maſſive underſtanding of our ſprightly letter-writer demonſtrates their extreme *ſlightneſs* from that ſingle circumſtance. However, it is hard to ſay, which makes the brighteſt figure, our journaliſt's wit, his good-nature, or his modeſty, in thus wantoning with public conſternation with his admirable joke upon *billets-doux*, and in laying hold on *public calamity*, to inſult an infirm Princeſs; the bare conſideration of whoſe corporal affliction (abſtracted from the reſpect due to her ſex, as well as to her royal dignity) would have tempted a baſhful barbarian to throw the veil of oblivion over her every human foible. But journaliſts are ſeldom ſubject to ſuch weakneſſes.

I am not inſenſible, however, that many ſqueamiſh perſons of all denominations and degrees, have been grievouſly offended at this and other ludicrous paragraphs of our journaliſt on the preſent melancholy occaſion; and that they have thought it an unpardonable piece of brutality, to be waggiſh on ſo ſerious and afflicting a topic, or to ſport thus with the diſtreſſes of others, which we have no room to flatter ourſelves may not be ſhortly our own.

" It is true, *ſay they*, the ancient inhabitants of " the *Caribbees* were wont to riot over and inſult " with affected demonſtrations of joy, their wretched " priſoners of war, while they devoted them to " to butchery. However, their alacrity in the main

 " was

" was but meer affectation: their expreſſions of it " were but the howlings of a frenzy, to which " (ſavages as they were) they were forced to work- " up their nature; that it might be in a ſtate of " violence ſuitable to the unnatural purpoſe: and " their grins were rather the external grimaces of " violented horror within, than the genial ſmiles of " inbred gayety. Beſides, it was only over their " declared enemies, that they exerted thus their " riotous cruelty. Whereas our modern canibals of " the gazetteering tribe, leſs delicate than they, can " divert themſelves in cool blood with the pangs of " their friends, and exert their more licentious bru- " tality amidſt the miſeries of nations in ſtrict alli- " ance with their own;—if ſuch inſects can be " deem'd of any nation. But ſurely thoſe ſavages " of old might be deem'd civilized, in compariſon " with theſe modern ones; and would have look'd " upon ſuch, as they themſelves have been look'd " upon by us; like meer monſters in human nature. " So that, were the above paragraph tranſlated into " their language, the barbarians might be at a loſs " in what ſpecies of animals, with the greateſt pro- " priety, to rank its author; whether among your " naturally dull dogs at cracking a joke, or your " unnaturally briſk ones at cutting a throat."

But with all ſubmiſſion to ſuch ſerious mortals, I beg leave to put-in a word of apology for Mr. *Public*. Every body knows, he is a long-headed politician at foreſeeing what is paſt: but all may not know the ſtrength of his public ſpirit, which ſuffers not a fly within reach of his noſe, without putting us on our guard againſt elephants. Had the *Spaniards* in the *Eſcurial* ſtopt at being fooliſhly frighted by a few *ſlight* ſhocks of an earthquake, which only *ſhook the very foundations* of that *vaſt edifice*; our author might have ſcorn'd to make a jeſt of them. But at a juncture, when nothing worſe than death

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and *(perhaps)* endleſs damnation was ſtaring them in the face, that they ſhould be ſo ſtupidly conſcientious to throw into the flames thoſe harmleſs inſtruments of ſin, their *billets-doux*, if they had any; was a miſchievous error: which, beſides the deſtruction of thoſe profitable ſources of intelligence, might have been productive of worſe conſequences. It was high time therefore for our *journaliſt's* patriotiſm to ſecure his country-folks from the like danger; by previouſly ſneering out of countenance any ſuch raſh effects of the fear of God, in caſe of the like calamity befalling theſe kingdoms. For (gracious Heaven!) what would become of *London*, in a ſimilar conjuncture, if every *billet-doux* and *billet-ſal* within its precincts were condemn'd to the flames? If every infamous ſcrip, which lurks within its boſom, were ſet on fire; what flaming pyramids would tour to the ſkies, of luſcious intrigues!—of lawleſs aſſignations!—of myſterious and dark intelligence!—of huſh-money contracts!—of licence for libertiniſm!—of compoſition for iniquity! and—of connivance, baſe connivance with fornication, adultery, and every other abomination! What blazing piles would not inflame the atmoſphere; ſhould conſcience make a bonfire of all our obſcene and impious prints!—of all our venereal puffs!—of all our bawdy pamphlets and bawdier adverti ſements!—Filtheries too groſs, for modeſt eyes and ears, to bear the view or lecture of; tho' not too groſs for modeſt ſcratchers, ſcriblers, printers, pamphleteers and magiſterial journaliſts to ſcrawl and ſcrape and print and publiſh, in bold defiance of all laws both human and divine! If a few *billet-doux* had liked to prove ſo fatal to the *Eſcurial*, Heavens! what muſt *London* have to fear from ſuch a vaſt collection of combuſtibles? What could enſue, but ſuch a general conflagration, as muſt involve this innocent metropolis in the like fate with that of guilty *Sodom?* Unleſs indeed, that implacable ene-

my to *bluſhing* quacks, that faſt friend of our journaliſt, the inimitable Mr. *J— O—* has ſome preſervative, wherewith to dare and ſtare to impotence the flames of *Vulcan*, as he preſumes to do the flames of *Venus*; and as he continues to do the laws of this land.

However that be, our journaliſt ſtill need be under no apprehenſions of our mimicking the ſcrupulous *Spaniards*. We ſeem too caſe-harden'd in guilt, to be either afraid or aſhamed of our vices, or (conſequently) wiſhful to conceal them; unleſs where myſtery may promote, or give a zeſt to ſin. So that there is no preſent indiſpenſible neceſſity for laughing to ſcorn any imaginary relics of ſcruple among us.

How little is to be apprehended from ſcrupuloſity in the inhabitants of this our virtuous metropolis, is more than viſible in the many bluſhleſs advertiſements and barefaced aſſignations between w——e and r——e, with which our daily papers are almoſt daily ſtuff'd, to the utter deſtruction of innocence; to the ſubverſion of order and common decency; and to the reproach, I will not ſay of a chriſtian, but of a barely civilized commonwealth.

What a pity it is, that there is no poſſibility of conveying the horror of ſuch ſhameleſs abuſes to the intelligence of our incomparable magiſtrates! But, alas! poor, good gentlemen! they are too innocent to gueſs at the like enormities; and too inceſſantly taken-up with the impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, to have leiſure for looking into a news-paper: and therefore, to be ſure, 'tis impoſſible for them to come at the knowledge of any thing of the kind. Otherwiſe they would certainly put a ſtop to ſuch daring attempts, not only upon private virtue, but alſo upon the public weal: they would no doubt exert the ſame exemplary, ſolemn, ſonorous ſeverity againſt your gazet-walking proſtituters and proſtitutes, which

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(to their immortal honour be it ſpoken) they ſo magnanimouſly exerciſe againſt the draggled generation of ſtreet-walkers and their two-penny brothels and gaming-houſes: illuſtrious argument of their chriſtian averſion for *poor* and miſerable ſinners! an argument ſo much the worthier of univerſal admiration, as *wealthy* criminals are wiſely left to revel undiſturb'd.

Who, that has ſeen the ſtern *Aſtrea* * diſcharge her wrathful zeal againſt the wicked tribes of ragged jugglers, can help admiring the graceful tameneſs, with which the ſame *Aſtrea* ſeems to guard the door at *W——te*'s, while honeſt *Mercury* †, there, brandiſhing his awful caducee ‡, turns Peers to beggars, and ſharpers to Eſquires? Who, that has ſeen the brow-knitting *Nemeſis* ‖, with laſh in hand and ankle deep in mire, ſcour the ſtews and rake the very kennels in ſearch of the frowzy dregs of lewdneſs, but muſt be wonder-ſtruck to ſee the weary Goddeſs take her refreſhing naps before the enchanted cloiſters of a M—th—r *D—gl—s*, or a *B—t—y C—pb—l* §; while wanton *Danaes* within are plunged in lecherous dalliance amidſt the golden ſhowers?

In fact, that greaſy rogues and jilts be puniſh'd; is but juſt. To ſerve the devil and get nothing by him, is a loſing commerce, hurts the dealer, and may ſpoil the trade; if careful magiſtrates don't put a ſtop to it. But lucrative iniquity advances traffic, and therefore in a trading nation calls for countenance. A ragged ſinner then is like a blunt obſcenity; however pleaſing be the guilt, the garb diſguſts. But vice, when in a gorgeous trim, is like a ſmutty ſpeech wrapt-up in double meanings: the gloſſy ſhell helps off the rotten kernel. Or rather is

* The Goddeſs of *Equity*.
† The God of *Thieves*.
‡ His celeſtial *Scepter* not unlike a *Groom-porter's Wand*.
‖ The Goddeſs of *Juſtice*.
§ Two Abbeſſes of *Venus* equally celebrated.

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it like a faſhionable *French ragout*, whoſe ſpices add a reliſh to the poiſonous carrion they conceal.

It is not then from partiality, that magiſtrates, however harſh with ſtarveling offenders, ſhall meekly overlook the wealthier ſinners and receptacles of ſin. It may be owing to their rigid virtue; which either ſcorns, or does not dare, to pry into ſuch wicked places. Beſides, in cellars, ſtalls and garrets, in alleys, courts and corners, (the comfortleſs retreats of wretched victims of ſelf-proſtitution) juſtice may reek its rage unhinder'd by the intruding pleas of officious humanity. But what tender-hearted magiſtrate could bear to break his own peace and that of others, by prying into places, where he might chance to find the wife, the ward, the daughter of a man of honour ready to fall (if not already fallen) the wanton prey to luſt and avarice; a ſacrifice to heartleſs raviſhers—to treacherous, decoying, bloodleſs bawds and pimps and panders?

However, upon the whole, tho' I am thus willing, as far as I can, to apologize for Mr. *Public*'s jocular humour; I muſt be honeſt enough to own, that, however his playing the jack-pudding on this occaſion might be very loyally meant, it was certainly very ill-timed.

Thus, I flatter myſelf, I have acted the fair arbiter between our *journaliſt* and the angry part of his readers, by ſeparating the cream of his jeſt from the ſkim-milk. And I imagine he himſelf muſt own, there was no abſolute neceſſity at preſent to guard us againſt any ſcrupulous extremes of the fear of God. While *London* abounds with ſo much intrepidity of conſcience and fortitude of front, in the more glittering violators of divine and human laws; while ſuch prudence and moderation prevail in thoſe, whoſe office it may be to ſee thoſe laws, if not executed, at leaſt reſpected; there can be, methinks, no danger that any calamity, which heaven can viſit this metropolis

polis with, will tempt its inhabitants, in imitation of thoſe timid ſinners, the *Spaniards*, to run the riſk (in view of eternity) of ſetting the town on fire, by a ſcrupulous ſacrifice of *billets-doux*, or *billets-ſals*, or indeed of any other inſtruments of their iniquity.

This I am the more convinced of, as that very Sex, a part, and not the leaſt amiable part, of whoſe compoſition uſed to be timidity, is of late ſo familiariſed to the divine menaces, and ſo eſtranged from every awe of our common creator, as to make his moſt tremendous chaſtiſements an incentive to witticiſm and riot. To ſuch perfection has modern high breeding brought our polite and very witty ladies; that is, in the preſent modiſh ſenſe of the words, thoſe ſprightly females, who have made the greateſt progreſs in irreligion and undauntedneſs! So far are they now from fearing a few convulſions of the earth, that, with leſs impropriety than impiety, they have very ſmartly changed the names of their faſhionable revels from *routs* and *drums* to *ſhocks* and *earthquakes*, to render them the more inviting, by heightening their *gout*.

I ſay, *with leſs impropriety:* ſince, however impious the inverſion, there is ſome analogy in the ideas. For if aught, but the immediate hand of God, could ſet the earth o' trembling; the frequent diſorders and various intrigues promoted in thoſe brilliant hurricanes muſt certainly do it. But this appears to be ſo far ſet at defiance, that ſhould Heaven in its anger leave nature to itſelf, our reſolute heroines ſeem prepared for the worſt: and the earth, I preſume, would vainly attempt with its tremors to ſhake a modern Amazon into any greater ſenſe of religion or decency. Rather the ſame bright connection of ideas, which quickens their preſent riots with the title of Earthquakes, would help them to diſtinguiſh future ſhocks of the ſhivering earth by the pretty appellations of *routs* and *drums*. That is to ſay, a *common ſhock* but

juſt

juſt perceptible and of no duration, might go by the name of a *rout*: ſuch *ſlight* ones, as only *ſhook the very foundations* of their vaſt dwelling-houſes, might be diſtinguiſh'd by the warlike appellation of *drums*: and thoſe ſtill *ſlighter* ones, which tumbled whole neighbourhoods about their ears, might merit the more honourary title of *drums-major*. On all which occaſions it is natural to ſuppoſe, that, inſtead of being alarm'd, like the puſillanimous ladies of the *Eſcurial*, ſo far as to condemn their *billets-doux* to the flames, our more valiant viragos would ſeize thoſe ſprightly minutes to ſit down and write freſh ones.

But it is time to leave the *Eſcurial*, and return with our *journaliſt* to *Liſbon*, concerning which, in the fag end of the ſame day's paper, he gives us the following intelligence: "By a ſhip arrived at *Dart-*" *mouth*, from *Liſbon*, who *, we hear, left that "place the 12th of *Nov.* we have the following "particulars of the ſhock on the 8th; that the river "roſe thirty feet perpendicular, which overflow'd "the lower part of the town, and drove many of "the ſhips from their anchors, particularly the *Ex-*" *pedition*, and two *Portugueſe* packets upon the "ruins of the city, and that the few remaining houſes "were ſhook † down."

The truth of this whole paragraph may be meaſured by what regards the *Expedition* packet, which happily arrived at *Falmoath* ſoon after, in perfect ſafety. However, upon hunting this forgery to the bottom, it proved to be no more than this: A tide-waiter at *Dartmouth*, (probably in fee with ſome ſtock-jobbing *Jew*) having boarded a veſſel under ſail, which happen'd to appear off that harbour, reported at his return a part of the above fable, but without the name of ſhip, of captain, of their nation, or the place they were bound to. Upon which a ridiculous woman writes it up directly to her cor-

* *Anglice*, which.

† The *Gibberiſh* for *ſhaken*.

reſpondent

reſpondent in town: and her letter was handed about at *Lloyd*'s, for *jews* and *journaliſts* to make the moſt of, as in fact they did, with twice the circumſtances contain'd in the original tale.

The forgery however had but a ſhort-lived effect. For on the 8th of *Dec.* Mr. *Public* himſelf aſſured us, that it was advanced *without any foundation*, and that a letter from *Liſbon*, of *Nov.* 15, ſays quite the reverſe.

On the 10th of *Dec.* for the ſake of enjoying over again his ſtale exploded forgeries of *opening*, *gaping*, *ſwallowing earth* and *iſſuing flames*, he modeſtly ſteals them from the *Utrecht Gazette*, on the ſtrength of whoſe authority he farther adds, that "ſeveral veſſels "in the *Tagus* were either *ſwallow'd-up by the agita-* "*tion* of the water, or ſunk by the fall of the build- "ings on the banks of the river."

I think we may fairly account for the yawning, flaming part of the *Hollander*'s ſtory, by ſuppoſing he had been lighting his pipe, when he ſat down to write it. But that the *agitation* of the *Tagus* ſhould ſwallow what the *waters* of the *Tagus* had the moderation to ſpare, muſt remain a riddle to all but a *Dutchman* and a *gazetteer*. But if any ſhould ask, how veſſels in the *Tagus*, anchoring in general at ſome fathoms diſtance from low-water mark, could be ſunk by the fall of the buildings o' ſhore? I ſhall anſwer with queſtion for queſtion—If an *Engliſh* gazetteer could carry the ſhipping there a great way over land, why might not a *Dutch* one carry the buildings a little way over the water?

However, we are farther told on the ſame authority, that "the vaſt edifice belonging to the Inqui- "ſition at *Liſbon*, was entirely demoliſh'd by the "firſt ſhock." But, for this to be true, it muſt alſo be true that the ſame vaſt edifice was moſt miraculouſly puked-up again. For it notoriouſly happens to be ſtanding at this preſent time. Now the

reader

reader may think which he pleaſes, or both. But as I cannot aſſent to contradictions, I am reſolved, for my part, in complaiſance to the ſynagogue, rather to believe our gazetteer and the boor his correſpondent impoſtors, than to allow of a miracle in favour of a tribunal ſo obſtructive to its intereſts.

On *Friday, Dec.* 12, Mr. *Public*, in his wonted corporal ſtile, informs us, that "not a houſe of the "*Engliſh* factory has eſcaped the conflagration, the "greater part ſaving nothing but a little caſh, and "ſome of their books, except a very few, who have "happily ſaved both."

If I have any knowledge in *gibberiſh*, this ſole paſſage in Mr. *Public*'s journal is capable of as many learnedly unmeaning verſions, interpretations, and comments, as any of the moſt ingeniouſly abſtruſe ones in that egregious profeſſor of the unintelligible, the *Peripatetic Philoſopher*. Nay, our *Engliſh* tranſlators are already divided in their ſenſe of the text: ſome reading it thus: *Not a houſe of the* Engliſh *factory eſcaped the conflagration; and the greater part of the ſame factory ſaved nothing but a little caſh*, &c. Others again inſiſt, that it ſhould be tranſlated thus: *Not a houſe*, &c. *eſcaped the conflagration; inaſmuch as the greater part*, &c. were intent *upon nothing but ſaving their own caſh.*

But to attone for this abſurdity, he concludes with telling us, that "great damage was done by the *Por*-"*tugueſe* plundering and ſetting fire to houſes."

This inſinuation has ſomething in it ſo baſe, and is ſo ungenerous an inſult to a poor people plunged in the utmoſt depth of affliction, that, even ſuppoſing as a truth, that a few abandon'd wretches among them (and every nation, but our own, has a *few* ſuch) had really been guilty; the leaſt regard for common modeſty or common decency, would have made any one, but a *journaliſt*, ſtifle every expreſſion of the kind, that could poſſibly border upon national re-

reflection; tho' he had found it ready coin'd to his hand: and on this occaſion particularly, he would have choſen rather to ſay; *Great damage was done by wicked perſons plundering*. Since, unleſs he would have us believe, that all *Liſbon* is the abſolute property of the *Engliſh* and other foreigners; and that the *Portugueſe* are only their dependants and tools; the accuſation is abſurd, and ſerves only to betray the bad heart of the accuſer. For what can exceed the malignity of accuſing a whole nation of plunder, which, being infinitely the greateſt ſufferer, and without compariſon the chief proprietor of the treaſures contain'd in its boſom, could ſcarce become plunderers, without principally plundering themſelves.

But, Mr. *Public*, in his next paragraph, gives us another extract from *Lisbon*, of *Nov.* 7, which ſays, that "the earthquake on the 1ſt, threw many houſes "and convents to the ground, and ſtruck the peo- "ple with ſuch conſternation, that *the whole city was* "*deſerted*, which in all probability has occaſion'd "the conſequences to be more detrimental; the "lamps of churches and fires of houſes ſpreading "the faſter, as there was nobody to ſtop them." This is fairly accounting for the conflagration, without the borrow'd nonſenſe and falſhood of *gaping earths* and *iſſuing flames*; and at the ſame time ſhews, that, after the earthquake ended, there was ſtill a ſtanding city to *deſert*, or the people could not have *deſerted* it.

Farther, ſays the writer, "The conflagration con- "tinued with ſuch violence, that I may affirm, *two* "*thirds of the city* are reduced." By the ſame rule then, *one third of the city* (at leaſt) *was ſtill ſtanding*, when this extract was written. Conſequently *it is falſe* that the *earthquake deſtroy'd* THREE FOURTHS of that great city, and FIRE *conſumed the remainder*.

Our *journaliſt* ſoon after informs us of another letter,

ter, which ſays, that "*few ſhips* have been loſt in the "*Tagus*, but *many* damaged; that all the goods "brought-over in the two laſt fleets from *Brazil*, "have been deſtroy'd; that it is computed no more "than 20,000 perſons periſh'd; and that the *Eng-* "*liſh* factory *fared much better*, than was imagin'd." Now according to later, more authentic accounts, it is certain, that, in the above article, *few ſhips*, means *no ſhips*; and, *many damaged*, ſtands for a *very few very ſlightly damaged*. So likewiſe, *all the goods*, muſt be tranſlated, *part of the goods*. For it happens, that, after the firſt general conſternation was over, the *Brazilians*, with more than credible intrepidity, applied themſelves to the removal of what they could; and notwithſtanding the many intermediate ſhocks, labour'd ſo aſſiduouſly and ſo happily, that they ſaved a conſiderable part of the fleet's cargoes, on board of ſhips in the harbour, before our *journaliſt* could get at them, to carry them *a great way over land*.

Dec. 15, he obliges us with a letter from Mr. *Caſtres*, of *Nov.* 6, which the *Expedition* packet, it ſeems, after leaping back *over the ruins* of *Liſbon*, brought ſafe to *Falmouth*. This letter, which contains the only full and particular account, we have been favour'd with, conſiſts in a detail of the largeneſs of the company at Mr. *Caſtres*'s houſe; of the neceſſary hurry it put him to; of the badneſs of the roads which delay'd his waiting on the Royal Family till the 5th; of the gracious reception he met with; of the good regulations made by the government to prevent rapine and murder; of the factory's diſpoſition to meet at his houſe, and his own, to keep his ground as long as he could.

For the reſt, inadvertently running into the general cant of the vulgar, he tells us, that "the city is "reduced to *a heap of rubbiſh and ruins*, and *is ut-* "*terly deſtroy'd*, the *conflagration* having done *ten* "*times more miſchief* than the *earthquake*; *that* ſeveral

"of

" of his friends, burnt out of their houſes, had taken " refuge in his, which *ſtood-out the ſhocks*, and hap- " pen'd to be *out of the reach of the flames* ; and that " they had had frequent inſtances of rapine and mur- " der within three days paſt." Here, indeed, inſtead of baſely imputing theſe diſorders to the natives, as our gazetteering ſavages did, he points-out part of the profligate authors of them in the following words : " There being ſwarms of *Spaniſh deſerters* in " town, who take hold of this opportunity of do- " ing their buſineſs." Which clears *Portugal* of the diſhonour baſely reflected on it, without reflecting any diſgrace upon *Spain:* It being well known, that *deſerters* are the ſcum of every nation, every where a nuſance, and every where equally deſpiſed.

This particular account, which leaves us as much as ever in the dark with regard to particulars, and rather ſtrengthens than removes vulgar error, is follow'd by another extract from *Lisbon*, of *Nov.* 7, which, after mentioning ſeveral wiſe meaſures the of *Portugueſe*, towards reſtoring good order, runs into the accuſtom'd cant of the time, and then tells us, " that ſeveral villains have been apprehended, but *ac-* " *cording to the uſual dilatorineſs of the place* not yet " executed." A paltry piece of ſpleen, which may be eaſily accounted for, by the peeviſh mood, our man of commerce might be in, for the loſs of ſome caſh or goods, and ſtill more, for the ſtagnation of trade: the free circulation of which is full as neceſſary to the animal exiſtence of ſome traders, as the blood in their veins. The *Portugueſe*, however, had probably as keen a ſenſe of the miſchief done them by theſe villains, as our merchant could have : but they were not ſo haſty in chaſtiſing them, as to hang them without a fair trial ; tho' he ſeems to think they ſhould. For I ſee not how he could otherwiſe charge them with *dilatorineſs*. Since, notwithſtanding their calmneſs, their judgments were not only impartial, but punctu-

ally executed. Gallowſes were preſently erected at proper diſtances all over the town. Malefactors were ſeized as ſoon as diſcover'd. And numbers, when proved to be guilty, were daily made public examples; and were frequently ſeized, tried, condemn'd, and tuck'd-up within the ſpace of two hours: A ſtrong proof of juſtice and moderation, tho' but a weak one of *dilatorineſs*. Or if it be *dilatorineſs*; ſurely the putting-off trials, and ſometimes executions, of the moſt notorious peſts of human ſociety from ſeſſion to ſeſſion, from month to month, nay, quarter after quarter, till querks be found to bring them off; till interceſſions be bought and reprieves procured; till witneſſes be ſuborn'd, confounded, or removed; till proſecutions be ſtopt, that the ſtolen gold watch, or jewel be confiſcated to the juſtice's ſinking fund; or at leaſt, till public indignation be lull'd aſleep, or public example loſe its ſting, as happens in ſome countries, can never be call'd diligence.

The ſame extract farther tells us, that "on the 8th "they had a ſhock, which brought down more ru- "ins, and ſo frighted the people, that they *ran out* "*of* DOORS *naked from their beds.*" A plain proof, they had *doors* to run out of, and *houſes* to thoſe doors, ſtill ſtanding, ſtill capable of harbouring them with their *beds*.

Dec. 16. our novelliſt acquaints us, that "*all the* "*ſhips are ſaved:* by which Providence preſerved thou- "ſands of ſouls, as all *ſtrove* to fly there * for re- "fuge; particularly the factory, and many *Portu-* "*gueſe* families. Providence was very *kind* in giv- "ing two hour's notice, or warning. For by the "ſudden and ſurpriſing fluctuation of the *Tagus*, al- "moſt every one was inſpired with the thoughts, "that an earthquake would enſue."

The ſafety of *all the ſhips* here mention'd is a maniſeſt proof, that *truth* is no leſs mighty at re-pro-

* *Anglicè*, thither,

ducing,

ducing, than *falſhood* has been at deſtroying. Since, after the latter had deſtroy'd *moſt part of the ſhipping* in the *Tagus*, the former reſtored them all to their prior ſafety. And it is a farther argument of the divine Goodneſs. Since it is very certain, that many diſtreſſes were by this means relieved. For multitudes not only *ſtrove for*, but found refuge on board thoſe ſhips; and were humanely received by the commanders in general.

Indeed I am inform'd, that there was one ſhip among the reſt, whoſe commander diſtinguiſh'd himſelf from all the others, by his unuſual humanity. For ſuch was his regard for *all that belong'd* to the unhappy ſufferers; that it is thought, his veſſel muſt have ſunk, had *all* been taken on board, he coveted to receive. But it ſeems, as luck would have it, that certain *gallico-anglico-luſitanico-italico-gibberiſtico-magical* ſcrolls, fixt on the outſide by ſome unknown tartarean ſpirit, transform'd the ſhip to an inacceſſible caſtle, metamorphoſed the poor captain to a *Hyæna*, and turn'd all his crew into ſo many bears. Which ſo diſmay'd the poor fugitives, that many of them choſe rather to truſt themſelves again to the tumultuous elements, than to venture among ſuch monſters of horror.

It is ſaid, however, that ſome few more hardy than the reſt, as being more verſed in the myſtic cyphers of modern witchcraft, did at length break the horrid charm, with a certain myſterious number of golden medals, call'd by the learned in that art, *Moidores*. By which means they turn'd the veſſel again to its former condition; and getting on board, not only ſecured a refuge to themſelves, but even reſtored the captain and crew to their human ſhape: tho' it is generally fear'd, they will always retain the vitals of the monſters, they were made to reſemble. Such is the ſuperior malignancy of the demon, who took poſſeſſion of them.

The two-hour's warning here mention'd, I dare neither diſpute, nor implicitly credit: the meaſure of divine Goodneſs being ſo infinite, and the meaſure of human unworthineſs ſo brimful. But ſuppoſing the fact to be real, the gracious providence remarkable in it, muſt be allow'd ſuch as can never be ſufficiently adored by the moſt grateful of creatures. And at the ſame time it not only accounts for the eſcape of ſo many thouſands from the maniform deaths, they were threaten'd with, but alſo makes it probable, that the number of the dead is inferior to every calculation hitherto made. Since ſuppoſing ſuch pre-ſentiment, moſt people muſt be thought on their guard againſt the foreboded calamity.

After this, Mr. *Public* entertains us with a moſt inimitable epiſtle in heroics, from a ſalt-water orator, dated *Liſbon*, *Nov.* 19.—a kind of rhetorical ſalmon-gundy of neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring.

The letter itſelf being too bulky for a middle-ſized patience, I ſhall content myſelf with admiring ſome of its moſt ſtriking beauties, and thoſe but few; for it would require a volume to ſet the whole in its truly riſible light. Whoever has a taſte for the odd, and out of the way, if he peruſes the whole in the *Public Advertiſer* of *Dec.* 17; muſt own it to be an exquiſite ſample of eloquence in pickle.

He ſets out then with telling us, that, having unloaded his cargo of gladneſs, he is all on a ſudden full freighted with ſorrow; and, for fear of miſtakes, acquaints us, that his is none of your *ſuperficial, merry ſorrows*, which penetrate no farther than into the heart, and want the help of chearful company to divert them; but a *deep and melancholy ſorrow:* ſuch, I ſuppoſe, as ſome philoſophers place in the *abdomen*, others in the pocket; and which is always upon the gloomy order, if it ſees people happy and chearful. But, whence this profound, unchearful ſorrow? Why, from a *diſmal cataſtrophe*; of which it ſeems he was

a ſpectator; but not a *large ſufferer*. For he happens to be of that ſkeleton-tribe, who generally take care, loſe who will, to be alſo no *great ſufferers*.

I ſhould have intirely overlook'd his ingenuity of making the *Portugueſe people believe with dreadful cries*; but that the juſtice he does to their piety (however aukwardly) gives me an opportunity of admiring the truly chriſtian behaviour of that people on this occaſion. And certainly their reverential, ſubmiſſive recourſe to their ſupreme Creator, and their filial confidence in his unexhauſtible bounty amidſt their greateſt conſternation and anguiſh, of which we have had ſo many and ſuch authentic accounts from different quarters, even from the moſt prejudiced dupes of bigotry, inſtead of a diſpoſition to plunder and irreligion, argues, even in the loweſt claſs of them, the livelieſt ſenſe of religion, and the moral ſentiments it inſpires; and muſt with all men of ſenſe and virtue greatly enhance our eſteem, reſpect, compaſſion, and tenderneſs for the whole nation.

I wiſh, for the good of my dear country, as much could be ſaid of the common ſort of our own people. Whereas, alas, is it not as common to hear the lower claſs of them curſe, ſwear, and even blaſpheme in the utmoſt extremes of danger, as it is uncommon at every other time to diſcover in them any the leaſt ſymptom of religion? And yet without ſome religion, what bleſſing, what ſucceſs, can the nation hope for, from their toils in time of peace, or from their bravery in time of war?

But, to return to our oratorial commander, "I "obſerved, *ſays he*, *at the time* the city *fell*, the "*ſame happen'd* on the *oppoſite ſide* of the river, "where many houſes alſo fell; and the *ſteep ſand* "came *tumbling into the river*, which *raiſed* ſuch a "*duſt*, that for *five minutes*, I *loſed ſight* of the *city*, "*river* and *ſhips*. The earth *open'd* and *rent* in ſe-

" veral places, and many *expected* to be ſwallow'd-
" up."

If I had not had more than one ſtare at the Captain, I ſhould verily ſuppoſe him to ſquint, by his knack at looking ſo many ways at once. But I can aſſure the public, he only leers. For the reſt, it is plain, he muſt be gifted with a very uncommon ſight, to be thus able at once to ſee, (as he has elſewhere told us) the *ſea at the bar* of *Lisbon* break *feather-white* before him; *timber*, *furniture*, &c. *overſpread the river* around him; *the* whole *city* (part of which is ſtill ſtanding) *tumble-down* on *one ſide* of the river; and the *ſteep ſand* come *tumbling into the river* on the other. And all this in the very ſame *five minutes*, during which he *loſed ſight* of all theſe objects, by the *duſt*, which was raiſed with the ſteep ſands falling into the river. But what ſhews ſtill more the excellence of his ſight is, his obſerving the earth in ſeveral places from on ſhipboard, not only to *open*, but alſo to *rend:* which is ſomething prodigious, conſidering the vaſt difference of thoſe ideas. And what ſhall be ſaid, of his obſerving from thence the very people o' ſhore, to *expect* to be ſwallow'd-up? Wondrous power of ſight! If any ſhould aſk, how the *ſteep ſand* came to have the unexpected effect, *by falling into the river*, of *raiſing* ſuch a *duſt*; the phænomenon, methinks, may be thus accounted for:—when *waters fall* upon the *level'd ſand*, they generally *lay the duſt:* and therefore the *ſteep ſand*, to be even with them, by *falling* into the *river*, *raiſes a duſt*.

Whatever I neglect, I muſt do juſtice to the beautiful unintelligible of the following words: " *As* the " the conflagration *(ſays he)* laſted a whole week, at " the end of which the fire, having nothing left to " devour, the *Engliſh* gentlemen began to dig for " their remaining effects." Which tranſlated out of ſublime *gibberiſh* into humble *Engliſh*, is the ſame as to ſay:—" *As*, or *becauſe*, or *foraſmuch as*, or *in con-*

" *ſideration*,

" *ſideration, that* the conflagration laſted a whole " week; the *Engliſh* gentlemen began to dig for " their remaining effects." Whence we may conclude that, if the conflagration had preſumed to give-over an hour ſooner, thoſe gentlemen would not have condeſcended to dig for any thing. But the fire at length, *having nothing left to devour*, they therefore very wiſely ſet-about digging for *what remain'd*, after *nothing was left.*

I am ſorry I have not leiſure to contemplate his *fear, ſorrow*, and *fury terrible to behold*, and his *pyramids of ruin'd fronts:* the latter of which muſt make a very extraordinary perſpective in pictureſque, tho' more, as I take it, after the manner of the *Vandals*, than of the *Vandykes.*

Nor ſhould I omit his following remarkable anecdote. " Juſt now *(ſays he)* FOUR ENGLISH SAILORS, " have been *condemn'd* for *ſtealing* goods and hiding " them in the ballaſt, with intent to make a property " of them." Theſe, it is plain, were no *Portugueſe plunderers*, but genuine *Britiſh* ones. And yet we ſhould think ourſelves very baſely dealt-by, if a *Portugueſe* gazetteer ſhould hereafter commemorate this fact; and, becauſe a handful of reprobates of this country had acted in defiance of the laws of all countries, he ſhould reflect their infamy on this whole nation, and ſay, *great damage was done by the* Engliſh *plundering*, &c. And in reality we ſhould have reaſon for thinking ſo. Have not the *Portugueſe* then equal reaſon to think the ſame; when baſely accuſed in general of the crime of a few proſcribed felons of their own, mingled with a prodigious number of foreigners of different nations? Since, if we reflect but a minute; in what other light can ſuch wretches be juſtly conſider'd, than that of no-nation monſters?

Villains, whatever be the climate, in which they drew their firſt vital breath, are ſtill ubiquitary abortions from human nature, whoſe hereditary ſoil is

that of the gallows, to which they are born. Improbity being the peculiar natural growth of no one country; but every where an exotic, every where equally deteſtable and deteſted.

But our profeſſor of aquatic eloquence, preparing to come to his oratorial moorings, excels his former excellings, in the following very pithy words: "Thus, "dear ſir, I have given you a *brief* account of this "*diſmal cataſtrophe* which is but painted in compari-"ſon of it's reality." This in fact is, as I take it, a laconic way of ſaying:—"Thus, precious ſir, by "being extremely *tireſome*, I have given you in my "way, a brief account of this dull unmerry contraſt "to all *chearful* cataſtrophes. Which (to prevent "miſtakes) be pleaſed to obſerve, is only a painted "copy, not the reality. For I did not think it "proper to ſend in this letter the original earth-"quake and inundation for ſixteen reaſons. *Firſt*, "becauſe I cou'd not: *ſecondly*, becauſe"—But after "the *firſt*, the readers will excuſe all the reſt.

I had liked to forget a material point in our captain's epiſtle; where he tells us, that *about four hours after the firſt ſhock*, that is *in the afternoon*, "about "two o'clock the ſhips boats began to ply, and took "multitudes on board:" With regard to the *ſhips boats* not beginning to ply till *two o'clock*, it may poſſibly be true, ſo far as relates to the enchanted veſſel: For that we are aſſured was not in a condition to ply till much later than the reſt. But with reſpect to the other ſhips, it is at leaſt a miſtake. For long before two o'clock the general grand confuſion was abated, and all the ſhips in the harbour had promiſcuouſly taken on board all, who offer'd, of every nation and circumſtance. And they muſt have been worſe than *Tygers* not to have done ſo.

Some therefore think, the captain talks only of his own ſhip; and that there is a miſpelling in the caſe, which ſhould be rectified thus; *About two, the* ſhip's *boats*,

boats, or *the boats of the ſhip*, *began to ply*: our commander meaning, by way of excellence, his own. For every commander of a veſſel, from a firſt rate to a fiſhing boat, looks on his own wooden precinct as the moſt important in the univerſe, and on himſelf as an abſolute ſovereign; and therefore, whenever he ſpeaks of his floating dominion, it is always *antonomaſtically*, as if there were no other in the world.

Still I am greatly inclined to believe, our captain, muſt mean to ſpeak only of the bewitch'd veſſel: which ſurely had the juſteſt title to be call'd by *antomaſiam* the ſhip? For I hope, there is not in the univerſe ſuch another, mann'd with ſuch monſters, poſſeſt by ſuch a demon. And nobody can ever imagine, that the enchanted caſtle and our maritime orator's veſſel were one and the ſame. Sea-faring men are ſeldom hypocrites, whatever elſe they be. It cannot then be conceived, that a man ſo very fluent in the ſtill pathetic, ſo tenderly rough, ſo ſorrowful to be heard, ſo ſoft to be touch'd, and ſo religious to be ſeen cou'd poſſibly, at a juncture of univerſal exquiſite calamity, be cannabal, be brute, be fiend enough, to ſtick bills along ſide his veſſel, to forbid the Diſtreſt to board him, without paying ſuch a number of moidores? For—

Who but muſt ſhrink, if ſuch a wretch there be?
Who but muſt reach, if *M——che* ſhou'd be he?

What honourable trader wou'd venture to have dealings with ſuch a heartleſs wretch? what honeſt tar ſo daring, that wou'd hazard ſailing with him, for fear of foundering?

After this extraordinary piece, what follows in the daily Eructions of our Journaliſts, is for the moſt part a ſurfeiting round of repetitions of their former fictions, forgeries, abſurdity and nonſence; the only ſingularities among which are the following.

Firſt

Firſt they tell us, that, " the city was ſet on fire, " in ſeveral diſtant parts at the ſame time, by ſome " villains, who confeſs'd it before executed, *moſtly* " *foreigners*, and *to our reproach* (ſay they) *among* " *other nations* SOME ENGLISH SAILORS, *for robbing* " *and plunderimg the palace and king's chapel of a* " *great deal of rich plate:* The others were *French* " and *Spaniſh* deſerters, and *ſome from the common* " *priſons*, which in the general havock (except thoſe " under the ruins) let forth their contents in common " with other edifices. A *moor* who got out with the " reſt, from the *galleys*, where the galley-ſlaves were " confined, confeſs'd before he was hung up, that " he ſet fire to the city in ſeven places after the ceſſa- " tion of the firſt ſhock. A *french deſerter* confeſs'd " he did the like in three places; one of which was " the *India-Houſe* adjoining to the palace."

This then, beſides accounting for the more extenſive ſpreading of the conflagration, abundantly clears the *Portugueſe* from the malicious charge of *plunder* baſely forged upon them: As it ſhews that the real *plunderers* were a ſet of *foreign vagrants*; and the few who paſs'd under the denomination of natives were in general *barbarian* ſlaves; or if there were a few born in the *Portugueſe* dominions, thoſe very few were but a ſet of *felons*, already ſever'd from mankind as dangerous peſts to human ſociety. What an infamous figure then muſt not the caitif make (to every man of ſenſe and probity, not yet an unredeemable tool to prejudice) whoſe rank envenom'd heart could, without provocation, or foundation, puke-forth ſuch malice, and impute to a whole innocent ſuffering nation, as a general guilt, the crime of two or three rotten lopt-off members; a crime which made an addition to the general calamity?

In the next place we are told, that " his *Portugueſe* " majeſty, deſerted by his courtiers ran barefooted " to the waterſide, and a common boatman refuſed

" to

" to take him into his boat, till he found-out his " miſtake." This but verifies the old proverb, *one fool makes many*. One booby before told us of his majeſty *remaining naked for three hours in his coach*; then ſtarts-up a block-head major, who, improving on the former's ſtupid fiction, found-out that *his majeſty remain'd there four and twenty hours without ſuſtenance or aſſiſtants*. And now ſtalks-forth a logger-head in chief, to out-top and contradict the reſt. Surely nothing above a driveler or a Journaliſt could hatch ſuch miſerable ſtuff, which nothing above the loweſt mob can ſwallow? And ſurely none but ſuch ſlobberers could have the folly to invent, or the impudence to advance, that " when Mr. *Caſtres*, the *Engliſh* envoy, waited on the king with his compli- " ments of condolence, *ſir* (ſay'd his majeſty) *I was* " *four days ago the richeſt man here*; *and now you* " *ſee me poorer than the meaneſt beggar in all my* " *dominions*." For the whole is ſo bunting a piece of inconſiſtency and ſo infinitely beneath the greatneſs of ſoul, ſentiment and expreſſion of his moſt faithful majeſty, that there is not a man in his ſenſes, that has the leaſt knowledge of that illuſtrious Prince, who would or could believe it, was Mr. *Caſtres* himſelf to ſwear to it, as I dare anſwer, he would to the contrary.

One day we are expreſsly told, that MAFRA was deſtroy'd, and but three days after we are formally acquainted, that *the King of* Portugal *hath reſolved to fix his reſidence at* MAFRA. In like manner notwithſtanding the numberleſs times we have been ſtun'd with accounts of the *total* ruin of *Liſbon*; we are now ſolemnly inform'd, that " the houſes, which are yet *remaining*, are ſo ſhatter'd, that it is thought, *not* " *one in fifty* can ſtand the winter." Then, ſpite of all " which has been ſaid, there are houſes ſtill *ſtanding* in that place, which once was and ſtill is *Liſbon*; and many *fifties* of them: Or the computation were as ridi-

ridiculous, as the fables, it contradicts, were infamouſly falſe. But by whom is it thought thus? Why, by a ſet of oafs, who, judging of the buildings, by the props, they are ſecured with, will needs miſtake an addition of ſecurity for an argument of danger. Whereas the major part of thoſe props, if not all, as I before obſerved, are the abſolute work of prudence, not of neceſſity. A ſtrong proof of which we have from themſelves in theſe words:—"*More* perſons were in fact *kill'd* in the *ſtreets* by the fall of ſtones, &c. than *would have been kill'd*, by remaining in their houſes." So that the bulk of the dwe llings ſtood-out the ſhocks, tho' ſomewhat damaged; and were upon the whole the places of greateſt ſecurity.

But it ſeems not all *Portugal* can afford calamity enough to ſtay the cormorant appetite of our Journaliſts for miſchief. The *Weſtern Iſlands* muſt be deſtroy'd to boot, "Captain *Allen* ſpoke with the two "*Portugueſe* commanders, who could not find the "weſtern Iſles: and therefore *he* ſuppoſed them to "be ſwallow'd-up by the late earthquake." But as the ſuppoſition proves a falſe one; why may not we, in our turn, ſuppoſe, that either Captain, or Gazetteer hear'd a part of the tale over a bowl of punch, and dream'd the reſt in his cups? And might not another bowl, have probably help'd him to ſwallow both the *Indias* and *Brazils?*

However to compleat the confuſion of our ideas we are farther impoſed-upon in the *public Advertiſer* of *December* 26, with a trivial tale of a tub, call'd a *deſcription* of *Lisbon*: Which bears a brackiſh reſemblance to our maritime author's marinaded eloquence, and teems with nonſenſe and jargon enough to bear a ſimilar comment. But I muſt never give-over, was I ſingly to examine every abſurdity and falacy, both in ſentiment and expreſſion, with which the induſtrious drudges of Journaliſts think fit to inſult our underſtandings

derſtandings and abuſe our ſufferance. I have already paid more attention to their impertinence, than it really deſerves. Silence, perhaps, had been a contempt more proportion'd to their ſuperlative inſignificance: And indeed I myſelf ſhould have thought ſo, and treated them like what they are, creatures below laughter; but that I was willing to ſhew the unreflecting part of news-readers, to what a ſet of wretches They truſt their underſtandings, who give credit to the trumpery intelligences of a common news-writer, generally as void of common diſcernment, common veracity, and common language, as he is by his office, of common ſhame.

I ſhall therefore leave the illumination of this undeſcriptive *deſcription* of LISBON *before the earthquake* to the maſterly hand of the ingenious Mr. *B—k-m:* Whoſe unmatchable genius for the extraordinary has help'd him, to improve-upon that curious plan of *Lisbon* before the earthquake, in his ſtill more curious *Print* of LISBON *before* and *after* that *catastrophe*. Indeed to do him juſtice, he has with wonderful dexterity conceal'd it's being a copy, or rather has transform'd it to a downright original of the kind, by ingeniouſly reverſing the perſpective and placing the north end of the city to the ſouth end of the river and *vice verſa*. So that, with the help of a bountiful profuſion of *ſmoak*, and *fire*, and *gaping earths*, and *iſſuing flames* (which only want writing under to gueſs what they are) he has made his piece an intirely new and incomparable *air-fire-water landſcape*; perfectly worthy to be refer'd to by our Journaliſts, and ſtitch'd-up with their journals, if any curious chandler ſhould think fit to bind them. If he is a little laviſh of his flames and his ſmoak; what then? When a poor devil wants a dinner, why ſhould he not enjoy the *britiſh* LIBERTY common to every *britiſh* cobler, to ſet his pot a boiling his own way? So far then am I from envying ſuch a genius, that, to give him all the encouragement he deſerves, I have

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hit on a project for his benefit; which is, that, if he has many copies of that very ſingular print left on his hands (as he certainly muſt, if he ſtruck of a dozen) on his altering the title, I'll beg leave to recommend them to the public, as an equally excellent perſpective of *Cairo* before and after the late *fire* there; or as a ſtill better one, of the general *Chaos* before and after the *creation*.

The common fry of pamphleteers have been full as induſtrious as the novelliſts; tho' not always ſo happy at invention. I muſt however do juſtice to the ingenuity of one of their hawkers, whoſe talent at both was before hand with them all, by laying hold of the preſent calamity of *Lisbon* to rid his hands of ſome of the ſtale remains of literary rubbiſh produced, on occaſion of the late earthquakes in *London*. Soon after the news of the *Lisbon* cataſtrophe, having ſeen in the advertiſements a pretended *full account* of the ſame, as I happen'd to be at the other end of the town, I call'd-in at a little pamphlet-ſeller's, not a hundred miles from Mount coffee-houſe, to enquire for it: When the petti-fogging mongrel, with all the gravity of phiz uſual to impudence, avarice and impoſture cringingly put into my hands a ſtale piece of pedantic drudgery, the gleanings of almanacks and *Polyantheas*, calculated to get a penny in the year 1750. I ſaw on the title page *A chronological and and hiſtorical account of the moſt memorable earthquakes from the beginning of the chriſtian period to* 1755. By a gentleman of the univerſity of *Cambridge*. MDCCLV. Wherefore ſuſpecting no fraud, I let the hypocritical churl pick my pocket of a ſhilling and brought home my purchaſe, without looking farther. But how ſurpriſed was I, after ſubmitting to the ſlavery of peruſing it, not to find a ſingle ſyllable there of *Lisbon*. But my ſurprize ſoon ended; when, examining again more cloſely the title page, I found *monſieur* had only laid a fine upon me for being near-ſighted. For

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in the number 1755 the (o) had been erazed and a (5) ſubſtituted with a pen, and in the MDCCLV the (V) was added with the ſame vulture's quill. What a ſafety is it not for the neck of ſuch birds of prey, as well as for the journaliſts and pamphleteers, who employ them, that *forgery in print* is not *felony* without benefit of clergy! And what a benefit would it not be for this nation, if it were ſo! But to return to our pamphleteers themſelves.

One publiſhes a letter, and calls it, *A ſtriking Deſcription of the late earthquake at* Liſbon: which upon examination appears to be only *four penn'worth of family affliction*, interlarded with a few hints of the general calamity, and thoſe with miſrepreſentation. For the writer in one place tells us, in the general cant of exaggeration, "At night we ſaw the whole "city in flames." Whereas they never reach'd above one third of the town, by the largeſt accounts. And in another, he ſays, "We lie in the old *cellars*, "which remain unhurt at *Sacavem*," when he ſhould ſay, *old warehouſes*. For *celleiros* in *Portugueſe*, is *corn-warehouſes*, and not *cellars*, in *Engliſh*. But the former I impute to conſternation, and the latter to ignorance of the *Portugueſe* language; and therefore, as rhat Piece upon the whole has nothing in it of malicious or miſchievous, and is declared to be chiefly intended to fill a poor man's belly, I ſhall take no farther notice of it.

Another however, for his own benefit, levies a contribution on us for a few indigeſt ſcraps of literature, which he ſtiles, *A General Theory and Phænomena of Earthquakes*, &c. and to make it go down, modeſtly promiſes *a particular Hiſtory of the* Liſbon *earthquake*. As the conſideration of the *nature* of earthquakes is foreign to my preſent purpoſe of only enquiring into facts relative to the laſt; I ſhall paſs by the puerility, pedantry and abſurdities in that trifling piece, ſo far as regards the theory: the more eſpecially as the author of it aſſures us, he is a very clever

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fellow; and ſtiles himſelf on the frontiſpiece, in *Corinthian* rather than *italic* characters, *an Ingenious Gentleman*. But as to his *particular Hiſtory of the* Liſbon *earthquake*, I muſt own, he is full as ingenuous, as he is ingenious. For, when he declares himſelf *an eye-witneſs of that tremendous calamity*, I take it for granted, that he means nothing more by it, than that he has read with his own eyes (and perhaps without ſpectacles) all the abſurd accounts of it, in the daily papers. And therefore 'tis not to be wonder'd, that his ingenuity reaches no farther, than to copy, almoſt word for word, ſome of the moſt ſenſeleſs articles there diſperſed, and to jumble them into *the particular Account*, as he calls it, with which he obliges us in the two ſcanty leaves he beſtows on the ſubject. Wherefore, as this little ſcribler is at beſt but a ſecond-hand emanuenſis of the gazeteering tribe, who ſeems to write rather for pay, than praiſe; 'tis doing him but juſtice to treat him with ſtill more contempt.

Here I muſt not omit doing juſtice to another ſolemn bungler, who plunders us all at once of time, underſtanding, pence and patience, with a ſenſeleſs *Account of the late dreadful earthquake and fire at* LISBON. *In a Letter from a Merchant reſident there, to his Friend in* ENGLAND. Dated, *Marvilla, Nov.* 20, 1755. This extravagant rhapſody indeed ſeems rather calculated to ſerve as a monument of the liſtleſs intrepidity, agitated calmneſs, and other paradoxical excellencies of the little heroe in miniature, its ſelf-admiring author, than for a deſcription of the calamities of *Liſbon*. And therefore it is not to be wonder'd, that the petty champion, amidſt the greateſt buſtle, ſhould endeavour to attone for the diſcompoſure of his block, by dreſſing his legs; that we may be aſſured, the pretty ſtories he has to tell us come from a very pretty fellow. In fact, the very prettieſt part of his whole epiſtle is the moving, intereſting account of what paſs'd in his dreſſing-room. To ſee

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an effeminate fop, in the midſt of an earthquake, lazily ſtroke-up his ſtockings, dreſs his legs, pull-off his nightgown, cap and ſlippers (the never-failing morning-dreſs of a very fine gentleman) change his cloaths, put-on his coat, and then his waiſtcoat; is an important entertaining ſcene, not to be heighten'd by any improvement, but the beautiful alternative of *firſt ſnatching-up* his hat, and then deliberately *taking* his wig, in order to run-away with *an agitated mind and heart in their full firmneſs*. On me at leaſt it has ſo *ſtriking* an effect, that I cannot help, with ſome commotion, recollecting, that other pathetic paſſage in the play:

Come ſet thee down; thy garters here unlooſe:
Pull-off thy ſtockings firſt; and then thy ſhoes.

However, as I conſider the whole farrago of no ſignification to any but the ſelf-ſignificant author, I ſhall skip over the abſurdities and fuſtian, which compoſe the bulk of it, and which a volume were too ſcanty to point-out; and ſhall pay my chief compliments to the impertinent article, with which he concludes it. For this it ſeems is ſo very fine, in his own conceit, that leſt it ſhould eſcape the notice and loſe the applauſes of thoſe, who were not dupes enough to purchaſe his pamphlet, his avarice has indulged his unmeaſurable vanity with having it inſerted in the public papers, to the following tenour.

" The offer which the *Engliſh* merchants made to " the King, of ſuch proviſions, as they had ſaved, " not only diſcover'd a humane diſpoſition, but was " a proof of great prudence alſo; for amidſt an un- " houſed and diſtracted people, there was no ſecu- " rity for property of that kind, eſpecially if the " owners of them had pretended to ſtand upon " terms."

For my own part I am immoveably of opinion, that the gentlemen of the factory, when they made

the offer in queſtion, had not the leaſt thought tending towards the ſordid, ſelfiſh principle this eternal ſcribler has the confidence to impute to them. On the contrary, I am perſwaded, their ſole motive was that of inbred humanity, which is as natural, as the vital breath, to every *Britiſh* boſom not wholly degenerate. To ſuppoſe otherwiſe were not only to ſtrip the offer of its real merit and juſt praiſe, but to ſtigmatize it with the deſpicable characters of low cunning, and ſelf-pointed craft; however the narrow ſoul of a little griping under-ſtrapper may ſalvo it to his own dirt-raking mind, by dubbing it with the ſpecious title of prudence. Wherefore however capable the ſpurious breaſt of one coxcomb might be of ſuch reptil ſentiments, he can expect no thanks from the *Engliſh* merchants at *Liſbon*, for complimenting them with a verminous prudence, which is ſcorn'd by them, and muſt be ſcorn'd by all men, who have not a heart as mean, a head as ſoft, and a front as harden'd as his own. What then could poſſeſs this reſtleſs thing, to reflect ſuch a ſlur on a commendable action of his countrymen (if I can call them ſuch, whoſe national virtues he is ſo glaring a foil to) unleſs it be the rank luſt of ſhewing, that *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot*.

But leſt we ſhould doubt of his indiſputable right to that title, he gives us at full length the Factory's addreſs of condolence to his *Portugueſe* Majeſty, on the late melancholy occaſion: which, tho' I think, it muſt require ſome ſtudy to frame a more paltry one, I ſhall here ſet down at full length; as he, the excogitator and compoſer of it, thinks it a very fine one. It is then as follows:

" SIRE,

" The Conſul General and Merchants, ſubjects of his " *Britannic* Majeſty, beg leave to offer, at your royal feet, " their ſincere condolence on the *late calamity*, which the ' Almighty

" Almighty hath permitted to befal your capital city, and " ſeveral other parts of your dominions.

" Truly ſenſible as they are of your Majeſty's gracious " diſpoſition, and grateful for the repeated inſtances they " have received of your royal protection, they beg leave to " aſſure your Majeſty of their chearful and *determined reſolu-* " *tion* to proſecute under your auſpicious influence and ſo- " vereign juſtice, a commerce ſo particularly neceſſary at " this time, and always ſo advantageous to the kingdoms of " *Great-Britain* and *Portugal*.

" *They think it, in a peculiar manner, their duty*, to ex- " preſs the ſtrong reliance they have on your majeſty's prince- " ly care for making ſuch wiſe regulations for the ſecurity " of commerce, and re-eſtabliſhment of mercantile cre- " dit, as may fix them on the juſteſt and firmeſt founda- " dations: ſuch as may, by their public utility, reflect the " *brighteſt glory* on your royal name, and make your domi- " nions *proſperous* and *happy* to the lateſt poſterity."

Now this miſerable piece it's miſerable author is ſo diſtractedly fond and vain-glorious of, that he cannot bear we ſhould rob him for an inſtant of the applauſe he expects, by our erroneouſly transfering it to the *Engliſh* conſul and factory: And therefore he has the conſummate baſhfulneſs to add:

" That the merit of it may reſt where it ſhould " do, let me acquaint you, that it was *ſingly thought-* " *of*, and *drawn-up*, by *that man*, who was lately " ſo *illegally* and *barbarouſly* proſecuted by the court " of *Portugal*."

Is it poſſible to puſh arrogance and folly to a greater extreme? So then the whole *Engliſh* factory, with a *Britiſh* conſul and *Britiſh* envoy at their head were ſuch a ſet of ſtupified dolts, that not one of them could think of addreſſing his majeſty on ſo ſolemn an occaſion, till this unparallel'd phænomenon of ſuperlative univerſal wit *ſingly thought* of it; tho' his Majeſty had already been addreſs'd by the ſubjects of other nations; particularly by the *French* miniſter, the very day after the cataſtrophe? So then,

even if they had thought of it, there would not have been a ſufficient ſtock of brains among them all to draw-up ſo ſingular an original; if this ſoul of ſenſe, this prodigy of eloquence, this Quinteſſence of all abilities, had not providentially exiſted among them, to animate their body politic? Who then can this amazing genius be?

> Who was this man, *who did the bottle bring*;
> *And tied the bottle to the bottle ſtring?*

Why, it ſeems, *that* very *man, who was lately, ſo illegally and barbarouſly perſecuted by the court of Portugal.* Or as other verſions have it, " that very ſame " upright animal with broad nails and no feathers, " who was lately ſo legally and with ſuch undeſerv- " ed clemency tranſported from *Lisbon*—for the un- " common temerity of not only abuſing the hoſpi- " tality and protection granted him in a foreign " country, but even flying in the face of his natural " lawful ſuperior, a *Britiſh* conſul: Who, whether " in the right, or in the wrong, was entitled by his " poſt (till removed from it by lawful authority) to " every reſpect from ſuch a pettifogger.—And far- " ther for attempting to ſet two nations together by " the ears, probably from no better principle, than " that of the ſlimy ſelf-center'd prudence, he is ſo " great an admirer of." But we are farther deſired to take great notice, that this unmimickable *Addreſs* " happen'd to be preſented on the very day, *which*, " two years before, he had been baniſh'd that king- " dom *without a crime* and *unheard in his defence:* " A ſacrifice, as 'tis ſuppoſed, to private malice, to " the diſhonour of his *Portugueſe* majeſty, the diſ- " grace of juſtice, and the prejudice of unſhaken *inte-* " *grity* and *unſullied innocence.*"

This ſample of baſhful brag, may, I think, ſerve as a full anſwer to the firſt query in my preceding para-

paragraph; as it demonſtrates, that whatever bounds human imagination may preſcribe to want of ſhame and want of ſenſe, theſe are ſtill capable of launching-out beyond them. But I would gladly be inform'd, what inference this egregious trifler would draw from the addreſs being preſented on the anniverſary of his tranſportation? Would he infer, that, tho' the *French* miniſter ſet the example ſo long before, yet the whole *Engliſh* factory, even with this *ignis fatuus* to inſpire it, had not the bright thought till a fortnight after? *or* that he purpoſely contrived the delay; that both theſe mighty events might fall-out on a particular day? *Or* that there was ſomething miraculous in it? Wondrous prodigy! That on the ſame day of the year a wiſe monarch ſhould kick out of his dominions a dangerous firebrand, and be afterwards peſter'd with the fawns of the ſame deceitful ſycophant! Surely it would require no miracle for one and the ſame turbulent fellow to have his ears nail'd to a pillory to day, and yet on this day two years, to ſhew his brazen face in a fool's coat at a maſquerade among his betters?

That *he was baniſh'd that kingdom without a crime*, can be true in no other ſenſe, than that that kingdom might certainly *without a crime* turn ſuch a common diſturber a-drift. For however a ſpit-fire may be diſpoſed to think nothing a crime, which comes not within reach of the halter, or whip; there are actions of a worſe tendency, than ſome of thoſe which are puniſhable with both! Such I deem the over-bearing inſolence of any little upſtart, underling dabbler in pence and politics, who from an intolerable ſelf conceit and an inſatiable luſt of lucre, can bear no controul, is pleaſed to think himſelf upon a level with his betters, nay ſuperior to all authority; who ſets no bounds to his ambition, nor limits to his avarice;— who rates all merit in others by the inequitable ſcale of his own ſhallow capacity, or mercenary pur-

poſes; loading it with the leaden weights of his fulſome encomiums to thoſe, whoſe abject underſtandings and corrupt hearts, on a level with his own, are ſubſervient, or at leaſt not obſtructive, to his reptile *prepoſterous* purſuits; and clogging it with the brazen ones of coarſe ſcurrility, lampoon and kennel abuſe againſt thoſe, who have a head and a heart above baſely entering into, or meanly conniving with, his clandeſtine and factious projects; becauſe incurably poſſeſt by a jaundice of ſoul, which makes him incapable of judging better:—Who nevertheleſs meaſures his own imaginary worth by the immeaſureable exuberance of inſect-vanity, not to be exceeded but by the emptineſs and impudence which inſpire it:—Whoſe *unſhaken integrity* is a ſenſeleſs, wilful, block-ſtrong, ungovernable petulance:—And whoſe *unſullied innocence* conſiſts in abuſing hoſpitality; in ſetting rule and government at defiance; in lampooning, abuſing and defaming lawful ſuperiors of character, that find it neceſſary to check his audacity; and in chuſing to ſow the ſeeds of confuſion, diſſidence, diſguſt and hatred between two friendly courts reciprocally fond of each-other, rather then drop a dirty, lucrative ſcheme, however unjuſtifiable, which is but ſuited to his own little dirty intereſts:—And who finally, ſpite of every clemency experienced after former inſults, knows no other uſe of indulgence than unthankfulneſs; and deems that a *peccadillo*, in which the old-faſhion'd moraliſt, *Seneca*, ſums-up every other crime, *ingratitude*. If ſuch a one can be tranſported without a crime; I know not, who can merit tranſportation.

Indeed I own it a hardſhip for any felon to be puniſh'd *unheard in his defence*, till his contempt of all ſubordination render him unworthy to be heard. But ſurely the wretch, who dares inſult his natural judge for not conniving with his inſolence, diſclaims all privilege of a hearing from ſuperior powers?

And

And ſurely that power is wiſe, which, ſcorning to commit it's dignity with ſuch a delirious out-law, kicks out o'doors the incorrigible ruffian, e'er ſcandal ſpread and the contagion call for remedies more deſperate?

But after paying ſome regard to the author of the addreſs, it is time to pay ſome to his doating-piece itſelf. While I conſider'd the ragged thing as the haſty production of our factory, whoſe confuſion and conſternation muſt be a ſufficient apology for every inaccuracy, I peruſed it with the greateſt compaſſion, diſpoſed rather to overlook, than find fault with it's ſhabby condition, which I could not help ſeeing. But the ſenſeleſs bluſhleſs puff of it's intoxicated author obliged me to re-examine it with a more inquiſitive eye, to ſee if, perhaps, what I took for blemiſhes, were not real beauties. But the more I examine, the leſs reaſon I find to alter my opinion of it. I am only leſs aſtoniſh'd at the fondneſs of it's author: The ſtriking reſemblance between the illegitimate brat and it's amphibious parent riſing ſtill more and more in every new-obſerv'd lineament. The ſame reptility of ſentiments, the ſame poverty of expreſſion, the ſame ſelf-ſufficiency, the ſame emptineſs and meanneſs animating, or rather ventilating, the mechanic features and ruſtic muſcles of both; ſo as to make it plain to every diſcerning eye, that ſuch a cub muſt neceſſarily be the ſpurious offſpring of nothing other than ſuch an unbridled rifler of common-ſenſe.

The whole then of this ſuper-excellent *Addreſs*, ſtript of it's fuſtian, amounts to this,

" SIRE,

" The *Engliſh* factory condole with your Majeſty on the " late cataſtrophe within your dominions

" They are ſenſible of your goodneſs and thankful for the " benefits they have received under your royal protection. " And they are not ſuch fools to give them up: wherefore " they deſign to carry-on their trade, as uſual, under your fa-

" your, eſpecially now, when your people wants their " goods, and they want your money.

" Nevertheleſs, they think themſelves bound by ſelf- " pointed *prudence* to tell you, that they would not venture " to do this, but that from paſt experience, they hope you will " ſtill give them good ſecurity for getting a good deal by you. " Which will certainly do yourſelf a great deal of honour " and your dominions a great deal of good." At leaſt the inimitable drawer of this inimitable *Addreſs* thinks ſo: being always accuſtom'd to think, as well as act *in a very peculiar manner.*

This, at leaſt, is one of the lights in which that elaborate piece of bombaſt may be underſtood: tho' I am ſo far from imagining, that it was ſo underſtood by the factory; that I am unconquerably perſwaded, if conſternation had not lull'd their attention, they would as ſoon have preſented to his majeſty the ſong of *Chevy-chace*, as this—what ſhall I call it?—a mixture of unmeaning froth, or a hotch-potch of ſelf-biaſs'd meanings?

However, let us ſearch a little nearer: who knows but, like ſome modern *belles*, what is wanting in the doll, may be made-up in the dreſs. Not at all. The whole is a rotten, naked, ill-form'd ſkeleton, or rather the very ſhadow of one, —*Vox, vox: præterea-que nihil.*

I dare ſay, the factory mean'd to condole with his Majeſty, not only on the *late* calamity, but on that which was *ſtill* exiſting; not only on the loſs of his deceaſed ſubjects, but alſo on the preſent miſeries of the living: all which would have been compriſed in the fatal cauſe of them, if the addreſs-maker had choſen the word *cataſtrophe*, or left-out the word *late*. But as it is one part of elegance in an orator to leave ſomething to his hearers to gueſs-at, I will ſuppoſe this to be ſuch. But would not *determin'd determination*, or *reſolute reſolution*, have made a much prettier figure in coupling the twin ideas of *determining* and *reſoving*,

reſolving, than his *determin'd reſolution?* Are twins leſs twins for wearing different garbs? and don't they charm us moſt, when dreſt the moſt, like what they are, in perfect ſameneſs? How pretty is it to ſee two ſiſters of a birth wearing the emblems of their uterine harmony in their unvaried garments; to what it is to ſee one dreſt in *candid white*, the other in *red* ſcarlet! But your true bred geniuſes can ſometimes ſoar to faults true critics dare not mend. *Brighteſt glory* in fact is one of theſe. For tho' it would ſcarce eſcape a horſing in a country-ſchool; I think it can admit of no diſpute among the wits of the town; ſince our author has ſo palpably proved by, his egregious writings, that there is a ſort of *glory* which is indeed *very gloomy*. I fancy however, that his making our merchants *think it, in a peculiar manner, their duty*, will hardly paſs muſter out of the boundaries of an ale-houſe club. A PIT, or any other ſuch vulgar orator, would have ſaid, *they think it their peculiar duty*, or *a duty peculiarly incumbent on them.* However, our author muſt be allow'd to ſpeak, as he thinks, that is, always *in a* mighty *peculiar manner.* For the reſt, till it be reconcileable with ſenſe and propriety to ſay, *proſperous happineſs* and *happy proſperity*, nothing can juſtify *proſperous and happy* from being as rank fuſtian as *proſperous and proſperous*, or *happy and happy.*

Now who can help diſcovering the perfect ſimilitude of features I hinted at, that does but compare the above lineaments in the child, with thoſe on the parent's well lacker'd front, where he tells us, that this babe of his wit was *preſented on the very day*, WHICH, *two years before, he had been baniſh'd.* A thick-headed *Cicero* would certainly have ſaid, *eo ipſo anni die*, QUO *exularat.* And by the ſame rule I imagine, a PIT, a FOX, and other ſuch humble imitators of him, would have choſen to ſay, *on the very day*, ON WHICH, *two years before*, &c. However, as the whole fa-

mily of the *Wrongheads* are gifted with very thin underſtandings, and this right hand of the family in particular has, by right of entail, the privilege of thinking *in a peculiar manner*, I ſhall not diſpute him that of expreſſing himſelf in as odd a one.

Nor ſhould I have ſtoop'd to laugh at all this intellectual mendicity in ſire and babe, but for the ſake of chaſtiſing, if it does not correct, the exorbitant arrogance of a creature ſo loſt to ſenſe and grace, as to glory in his own ſhame. I ſhould deem it a cruelty to laugh at a man, barely for the misfortune of having a hump on his back, or a crack in his crown. But if a bandy-legg'd fellow will wear ſilver clocks; if a monkey-faced fop bedizen his loggerhead, and a ſniveling oaf ſet-up for a wit; do not all three invite me to ſhake my ſides at the deformity, they are ſo buſy to expoſe? *And to be grave exceeds all power of face.*

Where then, in the name of good ſenſe, is the room for all this vain puffing; and this at the expence of character of a whole reſpectable *Britiſh* factory?—What! was there no man of ſenſe in all the factory, to project an addreſs to the King; nor of talent enough to draw one up, when projected, without this Jack-a-lanthorn to direct them? How did the factory ſubſiſt before this leading hound was pupp'd? How did they manage, while this upright thing remain'd in tranſportation? And what will they do when he is rotten? Will they, does he imagine, droop their heads and wring their hands, and with diſmay cry out; *the mighty Lord* Tom Thumb *is dead and eke no more!* No: I imagine they will do, as was done a hundred years ago. They'll laugh, and ſing, and ſcarcely be ſurpriſed to find, they had no occaſion for him. Is there then a continence of muſcles ſo great, which can withſtand the impulſe of convulſive laughter, at ſeeing a ſtrutting pigmy, who thinks himſelf a giant, take ſuch fruitleſs pains to make us think the whole

whole factory of *Liſbon* a ſet of hay-eaters, from the pure itch of being thought the leading Jument of the team? It is well known there are many gentlemen of that reſpectable body not inferior in ſenſe to any of their countrymen: men infinitely fitter to addreſs a King, than ſuch a human trifle. There is a *Britiſh* Conſul at *Liſbon*, equal by birth and perſonal abilities, as I am credibly inform'd, to ſuch an honourary taſk.

There is there alſo a *Britiſh* envoy, a gentleman, who, tho' too prudent to derogate from his character of ſtateſman, with that of a dealer, by trafficking in his own name, is nevertheleſs ſaid to be, by connection of intereſts with the factory, as entitled to their reſpect and confidence as the beſt of them all:—a gentleman, who, tho' bred a merchant, ſeems born to be a miniſter; while, ſcorning to hazard his miniſterial authority in the little ſelfiſh combinations of the trader, he ſteadily purſues the ſole buſineſs of his high office; attentive to maintain the privileges granted to his fellow ſubjects in *Portugal*, yet watchful to curb ſuch little ſelf-prudent dabblers, as may attempt forfeiting from us thoſe privileges, by their unwarrantable encroachments; or diſturbing public harmony, by their private intrigues:—a gentleman, in a word, ſo applied to the faithful diſcharge of his miniſterial duty; to ſupporting the dignity of the monarch he repreſents; and to cultivating the amity of the ſovereign, with whom he reſides; that his great ſagacity, zeal and moderation cannot be ſet in a more conſpicuous light, than by obſerving, that, from his firſt filling that important ſtation to the preſent time, there never has been the leaſt tendency towards a miſunderſtanding between the two courts.

Can it be thought then, that a Corp ſo worthy of reſpect, as the bulk of thoſe gentlemen undeniably are (with ſuch an illuſtrious perſonage at their head!) could

could want the aſſiſtance of ſuch a pragmatic ghoſt of entity; ſcarce fit to be (I will not ſay emanuenſis to their under-ſecretary, but even) clerk to any emanuenſis they employ; and only fit, like other ruſty tools, to ſpoil the work of able artiſts? Surely this ſoul of ſelf-conceit muſt, at one time or other in his life, have undeſignedly ſtumbled upon ſomething that looked like rational: or the God of blunderers had never owed him ſuch a grudge, nor tempted him thus to betray his emptineſs and petulance in ſuch a glaring manner. At leaſt this is the beſt apology I can find, wherewith to excuſe either him, or that other paper-dauber, his ſcrawling, publiſhing correſpondent, for ſo often gracelesly diſcovering their offenſive nudity to the eyes of the public; only to convince the world, that their defamatory quills were leſs obſcenely employ'd in the tails of thoſe harmleſs geeſe they once adorn'd, than they now are in the miſchievous fingers of the ſcriblers, they now ſerve only to expoſe.

Yet ſuch this *par ignobile ſcriptitorum!* Such theſe rival champions of *Bathos!* who, (without perceiving that the reſt of mankind either deſpiſe them as k——h incendiaries, or laugh at them as incurable dunces, or pity them as out-penſioners of *Bedlam*,) ſet themſelves up for writers, for counſellors, for rulers of men and ſtates; and have the ſtrange infatuation to think themſelves able ones, tho' ſtrangers to the firſt rudiments of ſenſe and grammar: each a genuine *Bathillo*,

A gay, pragmatical, pretending tool;
Opiniatively wiſe, and pertly dull;
A demi-ſtateſman, talkative and loud;
Hot without courage; without merit proud;
A leader fit for the unthinking croud.

Such has been the plentiful ſtock of fiction, falſhood, nonſenſe and bombaſt, which our greedy journaliſts

naliſts and venal pampleteers have drain'd from the diſaſters of *Portugal* to impoſe upon a credulous populace! The ſummary of which amounts to this,

That on the firſt day of *November* laſt at near ten in the morning the earthquake, which happen'd there, threw down *three fourths* of *Liſbon*. Where the *earth-opening* in ſeveral places *ſwallow'd* many houſes and all public buildings, particularly the *Inquiſition*; and iſſuing flames ſet fire to the *other fourth*; which, ſpreading from one extremity to the other, *conſumed the whole city*; ſo that *the place which once was* LISBON, now *is no more:* nay *all is loſt* and *can be ſeen no more.* And on the 8th another Shock ſucceeded, which *deſtroy'd the city* over again, *with all the country adjacent*; drove the ſhipping over the ruins, and laid a vaſt tract of land under water: nay, and the inundations of both days deſtroy'd moſt of the ſhipping in the harbour. That the conflagration, which ſucceeded the firſt ſhocks, did ten times the miſchief which the earthquake did; and tho', notwithſtanding all this univerſal deveſtation there ſtill remain'd ſome houſes not deſtroy'd, not *one* in FIFTY was likely to ſtand the winter: that 100,000 lives were loſt by this fatality, and thoſe who ſurvived were all ſtarving in the fields. And even the royal family reduced below the loweſt beggar, and for a time without ſhelter, food or rayment, forſaken and even diſobey'd by their people; who added to the calamity by turning plunderers.

The TRUTHS then oppoſite to all this heap of forgery are, that

On the above fatal day the dreadful earthquake which ſo juſtly alarm'd the beſt part of the globe was moſt ſeverely felt in *Portugal*; but the greateſt ruin it wrought there, was in *Liſbon*. Moſt of whoſe ſtately temples and other public Edifices were either thrown down, or diſmember'd, or greatly ſhatter'd; and ſome few of its already ruinous habitations were promiſcuouſly overthrown. The greateſt havock however was effected in the center, or commercial part of the city, the number of ponderous buildings, and crazy habitations being greater there than in any other part; which may probably be aſſign'd for one reaſon of our factory's ſuffering ſo much as they did in their houſhold effects: The numerous, old, and crazy buildings it abounded with, being an inducement to our merchants to fix their abodes in that peculiar

ſpot;

ſpot; where, beſides the convenience of being nigh the exchange, they could have a great deal of room for a very little rent. The firſt tremor, which laſted about five minutes was follow'd by ſeveral other ſhorter and ſlighter ones at different intervals till ten at night; during which time great miſchief was effected; the whole city ſuffering more or leſs. Indeed three-fourths of its habitations, comprehending all the united buildings, withſtood the ſhocks and are ſtill ſtanding; tho' ſome of them more ſome leſs damaged; and even in the center, where the grand miſchief was done, the major part of the dwellings would have been ſtill ſtanding; but that ſoon after noon a fire broke out, occaſion'd *partly* by the lamps in the churches and the fires in the kitchens of houſes; which, laying hold of the timber in their way, communicated their heat from building to building; and *partly* by the villainy of a profligate ſet of abandon'd wretches (compoſed of *Spaniſh* deſerters, *French* fugitives, and felons and ſlaves broken looſe from the ſhatter'd priſons) who, with the view of plunder, deſperately ſet fire to the town, in ſeveral parts at once. All which produced a general conflagration of the moſt opulent part of the city. For as the diſmay'd inhabitants had ſought their ſafety in the public ſquares and fields; the fire, for want of perſons to ſtop its courſe, ſoon got o' head, and burning for five or ſix days ſucceſſively, wrought incomparably more deſtruction than the earthquake had done, laying one-fourth of the city in ruins.

What greatly augmented the calamity was the almoſt joint, convulſive fluctuation of the *Tagus*, which, exceeding its boundaries added to the conſternation and deſtruction of the terrified inhabitants, and put an end to many lives, by ſweeping-off, in its reflux, numbers of hapleſs perſons, whom the terror of falling ruins had driven to the banks of the river. This fatality more particularly happen'd at the *New Stone Quay*, or *Cais da pedra* (ſo call'd from the matter it was built with) whither a conſiderable number of perſons had fled for greater Safety. For that key, with every body upon it, was carried-away from its very foundation by the united force of water—and earthquake, which probably vented itſelf at that ſpot. And this it was which gave riſe to the ridiculous fable of the water there being unfathomable.

The number of perſons kill'd on this melancholy occaſion cannot be aſcertain'd; but the moſt rational and authentic calculations make it about 30,000 Perſons killed and wounded

of

of both ſexes, *Portugueſe* and *Foreigners:* and I verily believe, they do not exceed that number, if they come-up to it. Out of the whole not above twenty perſons of quality ſuffer'd in their bodies, part kill'd immediately, and part ſince dead of their wounds; among the former of whom were two Prelates of the Patriarchal See; one of which was kill'd in his houſe, the other in the ſtreets, as he was going in his coach to the ſaid See: All the reſt of the eccleſiaſtics of the ſaid church were ſaved by being actually in it, and remaining there till the rudeſt ſhocks were over; as were many hundreds more in that and ſeveral other churches. A plain argument, that the ſlaughter in the temples was nothing near ſo great as apprehenſion ſwell'd it to.

The mint happily eſcap'd the fire, and ſtood-out the ſhocks; ſo did the palace on *Alcantara* Hill, built for the late Queen Dowager and inhabited by his Royal Highneſs the infant Don *Emanuel.*

Thanks to the divine providence their Majeſties and the Royal Family, with their excellencies the miniſters of ſtate were alſo preſerved unhurt. When the dire diſaſter began, they were fortunately at *Belem*, where, tho' the ſhocks were ſenſibly felt, no irreparable miſchief was done. Their Majeſties and Royal Highneſſes however, too wiſe and religious to be preſumptuous, retired to their ſpacious gardens; whither they were attended by the Court; where the beſt accommodations, circumſtances would admit, were made for them with all poſſible expedition; and where they remain'd attended as uſual, till prudence permitted their return to the palace; which ſtood-out the Shocks and is ſtill ſtanding with no irreparable damages. So that the bunting ſtories of their Majeſties *being deſerted by their Courtiers*, of *running barefoot to the Water-ſide*; of remaining *without food*, or *without Covering*, or *without Aſſiſtants*, *&c.* are ſo many abſurd Chimæras of drivelling journaliſts, pamphleteers, and other mob, as falſe in themſelves as they are contradictory of one-another. Equally falſe and abſurd are the impertinent tales of *Anarchy*; of *want of allegiance* and *obedience* to *royal Orders*; of *Irreverence to ſuperior authority*, even *from the pulpit*, and of *repugnance* to *ſubjection:* Things abſolutely unknown to the *Portugueſe* nation, tho' ſo familiar to every one beſides; and tho' ſo eaſy to be ſwallow'd by the common populous of our own.

Whom no King can govern, and no God can pleaſe.

The Public then may be aſſured, that, notwithſtanding all the coxcomb-

coxcomb-accounts we have had to the contrary, conſternation no ſooner ſubſided, than public order took its place; ſupreme authority aſſumed its dignity, and faithful allegiance bow'd its willing head. His majeſty (who all along behaved with all the fortitude and heroiſm becoming a mortal ſovereign, not inſenſible of his dependance on the immortal) applied himſelf immediately with indefatigable induſtry, reſolution, and the greateſt prudence and diſpatch to the redreſs of his unhappy ſubjects; making, with the aſſiſtance of his able miniſters many wiſe regulations towards reſtoring public ſafety, order, tranquillity and plenty. Eight regiments of troops from the provinces were order'd to town, for the defence of the city and to help in digging-up the ruins. Mean-time as the town ſwarm'd with *foreign* pillagers, among whom were four of the refuſe of theſe nations, gallowſes were immediately erected in different parts of it, at proper diſtances, and the troops in the neighbourhood drawn-up: Part of which were diſperſed as centinels, about the town, or form'd into patroles to ſecure the property of particulars, the reſt were diſpoſed in a line of circumvallation, to prevent the eſcape of plunderers: Tribunals being at the ſame time erected for the prompt adminiſtration of ſummary juſtice. Which had ſo good an effect, that a great deal of plunder was recover'd, and the public ridded of many living peſts; who, being diſcover'd, were brought to condign puniſhment, and many of them executed within two hours after their capture.

All this while great induſtry was employ'd in digging the ruins; and immenſe wealth was recover'd from them. The dead were interr'd with all the decency and diſpatch practicable. Places for divine worſhip were appointed: others for the tribunals to ſit for the diſpatch of buſineſs, and the entry and clearance of ſhipping: which by the *fifth* day were allow'd to ſail. After which, tho' ſome precautions, which ſhameful experience had made neceſſary, were taken for preventing the carrying-off plunder; none were detain'd, where proper application was made to the government, and a reaſonable ſecurity given againſt clandeſtine embezzlements: conditions to which no honeſt commander could feel a repugnance. And yet I am credibly inform'd, that one daring bluſhleſs, heartleſs, freebooting *Alien*, whoſe impudence and want of honeſty lurk unſuſpected under *Britiſh* colours, had lately the uncommon audacity to bid defiance to the fortreſs

of

of *Belem*; which fired in vain to bring him to, while he in his once more enchanted caſtle contumaciouſly ſail'd-off in ſpight of it. What could be the honeſt motives for ſuch an unprecedented attack on *Portugueſe* authority and *Britiſh* honour, I leave to thoſe to examine whoſe buſineſs it is to puniſh ſuch audaciouſneſs.

Great care was alſo taken, among other things, to preſerve plenty of proviſions among the diſtreſs'd inhabitants; which, thanks to the divine providence, were never wanting, after the firſt hours of inevitable confuſion. To this the humanity of our *Britiſh* factory contributed not a little, by thoſe gentlemen diſintereſtedly giving-up their magazines to the court's diſpoſal. An act.on I look upon in ſo much the more advantageous light, as moſt of them at the time were themſelves apparently ruin'd: though, thanks to heaven, it has ſince proved otherwiſe: almoſt all their jewels, plate, caſh, and papers being recover'd. As to their houſes, they were none of their own; nor conſequently the loſs of them; and as thoſe houſes were in general ſuch as none would inhabit but themſelves, and nought could make habitable even to themſelves, but the conſideration of much room and little rent; ſo their furniture for the moſt part was of a piece with their manſions, valuable only for its antiquity, rather in the *Malabar* than *Chineſe* gout. So that even in that reſpect their loſſes cannot be immenſe.

And yet I will not anſwer, that ſome of our moſt conſiderable merchants reſiding here may not prove great loſers upon the whole more by the *Earth-quakers* than by earthquakes. This being a noble opportunity for a factor of honour, who has a little out-run the conſtable, with a dice-box at Jorzes, or a miſtreſs elſewhere, to ſecrete old books, to produce new ones; to make wrong entries, and poſt wrong debts; and to acquire a fortune, he never could hope for, by loſing another, which he never had. For tho' I know numbers of gentlemen factors, at *Liſbon* as well as here, infinitely above ſuch a ſuſpicion; I would not riſk an oath, that ſome few may not think in a very *peculiar manner*. Nor will I aver, that *factor* and man of honour are abſolute ſynonyms even at *Lisbon*, that nurſery of *unſhaken Integrity* and *unſullied Innocence*. On the contrary, I am ſtrongly of opinion that even ſo inviolable a title as *factor* will not exempt a wretch, who ſcruples not to rob a whole nation, he is obliged to, of their juſt character, from being ſhrewdly ſuſ-

pected capable of making equally free with the private property of his neighbour.

The grand Deſtruction, I have here related, was chiefly the effect of the firſt day's vehement ſhocks, and, of the conflagration it occaſion'd: Subſequent Tremors have frequently given freſh alarms; tho' (thank heaven) attended with little or no farther evil, than that of renewing in the minds of the people the ſad remembance of their former diſtreſſes and terrors.

I am inclined therefore to believe, that theſe ſubſequent ſhocks, or at leaſt the major part of them, were not ſo much freſh inteſtine convulſions of the earth, as Settlings of the earth and ruins, after the firſt grand pang. For

It ſeems natural enough to conceive, that ſo ſudden and vehement as the bowels of *Magna Mater* muſt have occaſion'd many very aukward, untoward, unnatural poſitions, with reſpect to one another, among the different maſſive bodies, that compoſed the ruins of thoſe enormous and ponderous edifices, of which they were, till overthrown, the conſtituent parts: And that many of the more unwieldy and weighty ſubſtances, muſt, in their firſt fall, have been detain'd, by the interpoſition of others of leſs durable reſiſtance, in a pendulous ſtate of violence, till the exorbitant bulk and heavineſs of the ſttonger and more obſtinate, ſhould force the weaker and more pliable to give way, Which o' courſe, as often as the rough conteſt between thoſe ſtruggling bodies was decided, by the cruſh of one, and the fall of the other, muſt neceſſarily produce a freſh and powerful concuſſion: Every one of which could not fail of effecting a very ſenſible tremor on the ſurface of the earth for a conſiderable ſpace. If the fall of a ſtack of chimnies to the ground; if the very rumbling of a carriage along the ſtreets will produce ſome degree of ſhudder even at a tolerable diſtance; and if the exploſion of an ordinary piece of artillery will cauſe a much greater one and farther off, tho' ſpending itſelf chiefly in the air; how great and extenſive a ſhock may we not conceive to

be

be producible by the violent concuſſion of mountainous piles of ruin, not only againſt one-another in their fall, but even againſt the ſuperficies of the earth in their ſettling? And as the ſame may be, and very probably is, the caſe between the different *ſtrata* in the ſeveral caſual cavities, which earthquakes are reaſonably ſuppoſe able and apt to effect in the bowels of the earth, oftentimes not far below it's ſurface; it is equally natural to conceive, that a ſimilar not improbable, violence of poſition, and diſproportion of gravity and ſolidity, between the pendulous ſtruggling *ſtrata* will alſo produce in their ſettling a ſimilar, but incomparably more vehement ſubterraneous concuſſion and conſequential ſuperterraneous tremor: More eſpecially conſidering the additional violence which muſt be occaſion'd by the rude expulſion of the inter-terraneous *air*, *water*, or other *fluid* body, which may have forced it's way in, to fill-up the voids between thoſe pendulous contending *ſtrata*, and muſt give way on the deciſion of the mutual ſtruggle. Such I take to have been the ſeveral cauſes of moſt, if not of all, of the latter ſhocks, with which *Lisbon* has been alarm'd ſince thoſe fatal ones of *November* 1, which therefore probably are not freſh earthquakes, but rather natural conſequences of the foregoing one. And I am the more ſtrongly of this opinion, as moſt of the latter ſhocks have been attended with a deadiſh rumble, expiring as it roll'd; very unlike the boiſterous roar which preconized the grand convulſion, and encreaſed with the encreaſing miſchief. That horrible augmenting roar I take to have proceeded from the growing fury of the earth; which forced the impetuous fluids in, to fill the unnatural cavities it left behind it: Whereas I look on theſe laſt conſumptive rumblings as the waſting efforts of the identic fluids cauſed by the ſettling earth, in the ſeveral parts, where nature re aſſumes it's former poſture. Wherefore, ſpite of the raw unprovable *Hypotheſes*, which certain mo-

dern reaſoners build on (to prove, that *Lisbon* muſt be hollow underneath, and therefore dangerous to re-build, as liable to future repetitions of the like calamity) I ſtill believe, that the above ſymptoms are but the ubiquitary effects of all vehement earthquakes, common alike to all the globe, and not more ominous of future ills to *Lisbon*, than to any other part of the world.

Such in reality ſeems to be the opinion alſo of the *Portugueſe*, who, notwithſtanding the repeated ſhocks are diſpoſing matters to re-build their beauteous Metropolis. And I make no doubt but the ſame fortitude, reſolution, and induſtry, they have hither exerted, will enable them to reſtore that once ſuperb Capital to all it's former magnificence; and That, perhaps, with as ample ſucceſs and in as ſhort a time, as when our forerfathers re-eſtabliſh'd this flouriſhing city after the dreadful conflagration in 1660.

And now, in ſupport of the account I have thus far given, I ſhall add an AUTHENTIC account of the preſent ſtate of *Lisbon*, as communicated from a perſon of conſequence in *that* Capital to another in *this:* A copy of which I took ſome pains and made ſome intereſt to obtain, for the very reaſon, that the ſtrict truth of it may be depended on. It is then as follows:

Authentic Account of the preſent State of LISBON, *ſent by a great Man in that City to another in* London; *in anſwer to ſome Queſtions on the Subject*, dated *February* 10, 1756.

" THO' I am now ſomewhat more at leiſure
" than I was; it will not be poſſible for me to
" anſwer all the queſtions, you put to me in your
" letter, in ſo full and ſatisfactory a manner, as you
" may wiſh: Since to do that, ſo as to give you an
" exact idea of the ſituation of things, the only ſure
" means would be to lay them down in a topogra-
" phical

" phical map. I ſhall only then tell you, that, on " thoroughly examining your own conjectures, I " find very little for myſelf to add to, or take from, " them: What has eſcaped conſiſting in what you " have already particulariſed, without any conſidera- " ble difference.

" Tho' the deſtruction has been exceſſive; yet we " are not in extreme decadency; nor in ſuch a ſtate " as renders the re-eſtabliſhment of the city an im- " practicable taſk. For to mention only what is left " of it; I will venture to affirm, that there are many " capital cities in *Europe*, which have not as much, " either in circumference or extent. In proof of " which, we need only run-over the different parts of " the town and obſerve what ſtill remains, notwith- " ſtanding all the ravage which was committed in " the center of the city; the part which ſuffer'd " moſt.

" In the neighbourhoods of the hill of *Bairo alto*, " tho' the fire cauſed great havock from the *Conver-* " *tidas* on one ſide, and from the palace of Don " *Emanuel de Souſa* on the other, quite down to the " corner of the royal palace; ſtill all the pariſh *das* " *Merces* eſcaped; and from it's loweſt extremity " quite to the middle of the *North-ſtreet*. But in the " ſtrait part of the ſtreet, the palaces of the marquiſs " of *Marialva*, of Signor *John Xavier*, where the " *Dutch* miniſter reſided, and of the count of St. *Tiago* " on the oppoſite ſide, to the above-mention'd places " were all burnt. Great part of the neighbourhoods " and pariſh of St. *Katherine* alſo eſcaped: The diſ- " tricts of *Jeſus*, of *Rato*, of *Mocambo* had the ſame " good fortune; and ſo had the diſtricts, of ſaint " *Joſeph*, quite down to S. *Sebaſtinaò da Pedreyra*; " of *Moiraria* quite to *Royos*, turning towards S. *John* " *dos bem Cazados*;—The whole diſtrict of *Paraizo*, " which takes in the great opening of S. *Clara* and " all it's dependences; and finally all the vaſt terri- " tory, from this diſtrict quite to *Marvilla*.

" To

" To ſhew then by theſe diſtricts, that the town " has not been entirely demoliſh'd, as has been given- " out, it needs only be remember'd, that the ſpace " from S. *Paul*'s, where the fire ſtop'd, to *Belem*, " makes, an extent of five miles *Engliſh:* That from " *Moiraria* to *Royos*, makes other two; and That " from S. *Joſeph* to S. *Sebaſtianò da Pedreya* makes " at leaſt two more. All which ſpaces are fill'd with " houſes and inhabitants, and have received but little " damage: And the ſame is the caſe of great part of " the diſtrict of *Alfama* quite to *Marvilla*, which " makes an extent of more than two miles, and " eſcaped the conflagration: And even in the " center, where the flames wrought the greateſt ha- " vock, there is a ſtreet or two through which the " fire never paſs'd.

" I am not inſenſible, that thoſe principal parts, " which were it's victims, were of very great impor- " tance: Inasmuch as they contain'd the moſt ſtately " temples and the habitations of the trading people. " However, as I before obſerved, all the grand devaſ- " tation was wrought in the center of the town.

" All the other parts above-mention'd are almoſt " every where inhabited, and ſhops and manufac- " tures carried on there. It is true, there are great " numbers of barracks in all the openings and air- " lets, as *Campo de coral*, *Cotovia*, *Bonos Ayres*, *Boa- morte*, near the ſilk-manufactory and other places.

" The greateſt part of the houſes are propt, ſome " on account of the great damage they have received; " but the bulk from the prudence of their proprie- " tors, who were willing to prevent all danger by " theſe precautions. Still as they are almoſt all " ſecured with props, it is thence conjectur'd by the " people, that all are ruinous. Certain it is however, " that the number of thoſe, which really have been " damaged, is but too great; and as to churches, they " are moſtly down. Even thoſe which have not

" fallen

" fallen, tho' they remain upright, are conſiderably " ſhatter'd. For as the earthquake wrought the " ſtrongeſt impreſſions, where it met with moſt re- " ſiſtance, theſe received the greateſt damage.

" The churches, which, having firſt ſuffer'd by " the tremor, were deſtroy'd by fire, are the follow- " ing ones: *Loyos*, *S. Maria mayor*, *Madalena*, *Con-* " *ceycaò nova e velha*, *Miſericordia*, S. *Juſta*, *S. Ni-* " *colao*, *S. Juliao*, *Victoria*, *S. Domingos*, *Patriarcal*, " *Boa Morte*, *Spirito Santo*, *Martyres*, S. *Franciſco*, " *Corpo Santo*, *Sacramento*, *Carmo*, *Trindade*, *Loreto*, " *Igreja nova*, *Chagas*, and S. *Paolo*.

" The churches which fell intirely were, S. *Vicente*, " S. *Clara*, S. *Monica*, N. S. *da Monte*, N. S. *da* " *Penha de Franca*, and the church of that pariſh; " S. *Pedro de Alcantara*, S. *Anna*, *Calvario*, and S. " *Antonio dos Capuxos*.

" The churches of the *Pauliſts*, of *Jeſus*, of S. " *Benedict* ſuffer'd no damage. But thoſe of the " *Bernardines*, of *Madre de Deos*, and *Santos Velha*, " tho' ſtanding, are much ſhatter'd.

" It is not feaſible to fix the number of the dead; " and much leſs to diſtinguiſh ſtations and ſexes. " At firſt the total was made to amount to 14 or 15 " thouſand; ſince when ſome have pretended to " ſwell it to 40,000. But I can by no means bring " myſelf to give into it.

" *Setuval*, tho' but a little town, has greatly ſuf- " fer'd. For of all its churches, there are not above " three or four of the ſmalleſt which have eſcaped. " And they compute to 4000 perſons of both ſexes, " as having periſh'd there, part in the ruins, part by " the impetuoſity of the ſea, which roſe above its " walls, and ſweeping off the people, bore them a- " way with it, in its reflux.

" Moſt days ſince the *firſt*, we have had percep- " tible repetitions of tremulous motions of the earth, " with a degree of rumbling, which immediately " precedes them. On the firſt day of the new moon

" of this month, we had one; and the day before " yeſterday, between four and five in the evening we " had another; but without farther prejudice, than " of opening the crevices of ſome houſes already " ruinated, but not yet fallen.

" By letters and perſons come from *Beyra*, and " from beyond the mountains, we have learnt, that " they felt there the ſame ſhocks; and they are " pretty commonly felt throughout the kingdom.

" From *Brazil* we have hitherto no news; tho' a " rumour was ſpread, that the *Bahia de todos os Santos* " was entirely loſt; which is nevertheleſs falſe. For " to this preſent day not a ſingle ſail has arrived from " thoſe parts. So that if any ſuch fable ſhould reach " your part of the world, you may with great ſafety " declare it to be an abſolute forgery."

Such then is the actual, real ſituation of *that place, which once was* LISBON, and has been ſince gazettically and pamphletically quite deſtroy'd, conſumed, annihilated! Now upon comparing this ſimple narration of things and facts with the falſe and abſurd accounts, which have rather inſulted and impoſed upon us, than inform'd us; who but muſt ſee the enormous diſproportion? which diſproportion I impute to *ignorance*, *folly*, or *affectation*, or all three, in ſome; to *malignancy*, *prejudice*, *artifice*, or *avarice*, or all, in others; and in ſome few to *conſternation*, *panic*, and all their exaggerative powers.

Exaggeration and the abſurdities ever faithfully attach'd to it, are inſeparable attributes of the ignorant, the empty and the affected. Hence thoſe eloquent tropes ſo familiar in every converſation,—*monſtrouſly pretty*;——*vaſtly little*, *extravagantly ſaving*; hence your *unſpeakably fine ſpeeches*; your *elegant copies* of *inimitable originals*, and your *eminent ſhoe-makers*, *farriers*, *paviours* and *undertakers*: hence, a city fop has dined at my lord-mayor's feaſt *a thouſand times*; and a courtly one has been ſtifled at *Ranelagh* by the

millions

millions of folks who were there. And it is to the ſame muddy ſource we owe the many falſhoods and abſurdities we have been peſter'd with concerning *Liſbon*. Thence your extravagantly ſublime figures, *—Liſbon is no more;—Liſbon is deſtroy'd;—can be ſeen no more:* Thence your diſmal *cataſtrophes*; your *fear and ſorrow terrible to behold*; and *pyramids of ruin'd fronts:* And thence your *brighteſt glories*; your determin'd reſolutions; your *proſperous proſperities*; your *agitated minds in their full firmneſs*, with all the other prodigal effuſions of bombaſt, beyond the ſtretch of time or temper to enumerate.

And yet we are not to lay the whole charge to theſe principles. No: prejudice, *malignancy*, *artifice* and *avarice* had, I believe, their equal ſhare. There are not wanting foreign coxcombs with well dreſt legs at *Liſbon*, who, viewing with one end of the teleſcope what favours their own dirty ſchemes, make uſe of the other for whatever may throw a ſlur on a hoſpitable people, they have the ingratitude to abuſe, and the avarice to want to impoſe upon. The news of the event too reach'd *Paris*, when a *Britiſh* parliament was treating upon ſubſidies. The news therefore, with the help of a little *French* amplification, might cool the courage of the Houſe, and give a turn to the ſcale. At leaſt it might create confuſion at the *Exchange*. All means therefore were lawful againſt a ſaucy enemy, who, after being ſlily knock'd down by her, had the aſſurance to riſe again, ſhake his ears, and, ſpite of all her ſcalping moderation, had the boldneſs to aſk her, like a ſtout fellow,—*What's that for?* And tho' the fortitude of a *Britiſh* parliament was not to be ſhaken by *French leger-de-main*; it was natural enough that their ends ſhould be anſwer'd in the city: Conſidering how immenſely that ſwarms with Judaical ſtock-jobbers, thoſe human leeches, who, preying at all times on its vital juices, till burſting-drunk, would not fail to improve the lucky hint,

hint, to feed ſtill more their cormorant appetite for gain.

And yet I will not pretend to ſay, but ſome few perſons of ſenſe and probity might undeſignedly contribute to bloat the account of this fatal event beyond the bounds of reality. Rather I am apt to think that ſeveral, overcome, as they muſt be, by conſternation and terror, have ſtumbled into hyperbole, without reflecting. *Fear oft creates thoſe evils which it fears*, ſays *Fairfax*. Oh, what a mercileſs tyrant is the paſſion of dread! Not content with figuring the apprehended evil to the frighted fancy in all its native colours, it runs ingeniouſly in ſearch of borrow'd diſtreſs to augment the atrocious phantom. A lively inſtance of this, we have upon record in Holy Writ. When the children of *Iſrael* ſent their ſpies into the land of Promiſe to reconnoitre the country. They went indeed; but cruel timidity going with them, what was the iſſue of their journey? Aſtoniſhing to relate! That land of amenity, that garden of delights, that granary of abundance, was transform'd in their imaginations to a nurſery of monſters, and its fertil meadows to voraginous quags. In ſhort, every foot of that delicious country *flowing with milk and honey*, appeared to them fruitful only in horrors. No wonder therefore that they themſelves were ſo fertil in exaggeration and fiction at their return, as to report, that "the land they had "reconnoitred, devour'd its inhabitants: *that* the "people they found there, were tall monſters of a "giant-ſize; with whom, if compared, they them-"ſelves look'd like ſo many graſshoppers." And whence could all this exorbitance ariſe, but from diſorder in their minds, the fraudulent work of panic? If terror then has ſuch creative power over man's imagination, where there is nothing but illuſion to work upon; what might it not effect at *Liſbon*, on the late tremendous occaſion, where and when there was

was ſo much matter for imagination to improve upon?

What amazement can it cauſe then, that a terrified multitude, exchanging dreads with one-another, each ſhould help his neighbour to ſee double? Fear and Diſmay in mankind are like an epidemy in a herd of cattle: Wherever either touches, it is certain to catch. As ſurely as a horſe is once ſeized with a mange, ſo ſurely will he endeavour at allaying his itch, with a rub on the next horſe in his way; and ſo ſurely will he give the infection to his fellow jument: The *ſecond* will do as much to a *third*; and this to a *fourth*; till the contagious fidget, unleſs prevented betimes, run through the whole troop. Thus to a tittle does Panic or Diſmay work its courſe from the tainted mind of one frighted mortal to another: Impatience to be ſcratch'd and tendency to infect, going hand in hand. One relieves his fears, by relating his apprehenſions to another: This catches the diſtemper, and learns to dream and ſtart for himſelf; and a third, by communing with both, help half a dozen more to do as much; till accumulated Horrors, begetting the moſt improbable fictions, fill the minds of the public with ideal ſpectres not leſs abſurd than univerſal: And to doubt of their being realities becomes a mark of temerity.

Thus within myſelf I account for the immenſe diſproportion between the reality of that fatal event and the abſurd fictions, with which we have been hitherto gull'd; ſtill leaving it to every unbiaſs'd reader's integrity and good-ſenſe, to judge for himſelf, how far what I have ſaid is probable, or ill-grounded.

It ſeems now high time to proceed to the ſecond object of this REVIEW, *that is*, to the examination of *ſome* (for it is impracticable to take notice of all) of the *unchriſtian inferences*, the *ſcurrilous reflections*, the *groſs abuſes* and *inhuman inſults*, with which the above fabulous narrations have been accompanied by ſome of

of the gazetteering tribe, and in the hireling productions of that refuſe of human ſpecies the common herd of Pamphleteers and Print-mongers. But the foregoing matter has already led me on ſo much farther than I at firſt intended, that I find myſelf obliged to break-off here abruptly, to give my reader, as well as myſelf a few days reſpit.

After which I ſhall fulfil my engagement in the ſecond part of this Review. Wherein I make no doubt but the public will find more entertainment, than it poſſibly could in ſome of the topics of the firſt. As the matter is of a more intereſting nature to the honour, trade, and intereſts of the individuals of this nation, and the characters as extraordinary as they are well known.

And as I am credibly inform'd, that the pretty fellow of the *dreſt legs*, with the *agitated mind* in its *full firmneſs*, has outſhone the uſual outſhinings of his *brighteſt glory* in a *Second Letter* on the earthquake at *Lisbon*; if I find that worth any notice (for I have not yet ſeen it) I ſhall at the ſame time pay it all the compliment it deſerves.

In the mean time I ſhall draw to a concluſion of this part, with obſerving, that the bulk of this, as well as of every other nation has ſomething in it of awful, reſpectable and ſacred. And therefore it ought to be conſider'd as a degree of ſacrilege, to impoſe upon it by fiction and falſhood; to inſult it with depravities or indecencies; and much more to diſturb, injure, or diſhonour it with open outrages; whether thoſe outrages be level'd at the whole, or its parts; whether aim'd at its natives themſelves, or at their friends and allies, through their ſides.

A daſtardly tribe of unpoliſh'd *Africans* may think it valour to inſult with coarſe abuſe a foe they want courage or power to face. But a powerful, civiliſed and generous nation, like ours, will ever ſcorn to ſully its honour and debaſe its dignity by having recourſe

courſe to ſuch dirty weapons. We have, thank Heaven, a numerous army, a formidable navy, plenty of warlike ſtores, and a brave people to employ them to advantage: We are able, and we want neither courage nor skill to do ourſelves juſtice againſt our enemies: and therefore we ſcorn to abuſe them with low ſcurrility; and chuſe rather to fight, than to bully them.

How much more then muſt we not diſdain and deteſt the baſeneſs of inſulting our friends and allies, and that at a time when their afflicting circumſtances call upon us for every argument of our friendſhip? In fact, the common voice of the people is a ſubſtantial proof how much we do deteſt it. Their univerſal outcries of ſhame on the dirt which has of late been flung on the people of *Portugal*, is an undeniable argument of it. And the ſame ſpirit of generoſity (ſo natural to every true born *Briton*) which diſpoſes us to exert our utmoſt friendly efforts and wiſhes in favour of our worthy allies the *Portugueſe*, in their preſent calamity, abundantly demonſtrates how incapable we are of conſenting to any inſults offer'd to them. An *Engliſhman*, then, who were capable of acting in oppoſition to this ſpirit, would deſerve to be deem'd a degenerate traitor to his country, for daring to tarniſh its glory, by bringing upon us a ſcandal, which we no way deſerve, and rendering us ſuſpected of a meanneſs, from which we are utterly averſe.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 19. l. 4. *after* however *dele* comma.
Ibid, l. 27. *for* then *read* and.

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